Vol. CXXXI. No. 1705.

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THE BYSTANDER. AUGUST 19, 1936.

The BYSTANDER

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The Olympic Games: by Howard Marshall

"Bystander" Short Story: by S. P. B. Mais

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SWITZERLAND—*continued.*

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The Bystander, August 19, 1936

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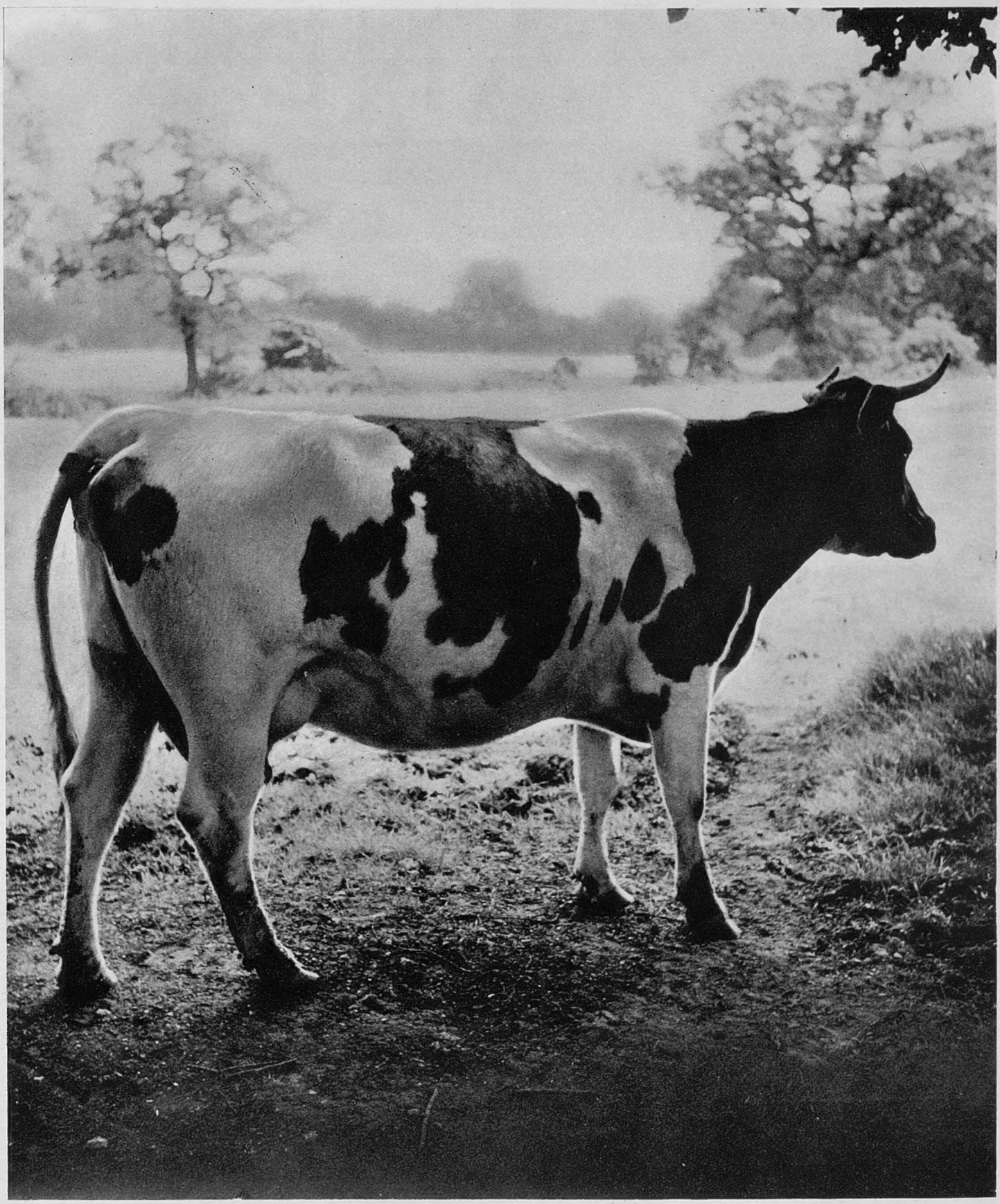
No. 1705. Vol. CXXXI.

Peter Clark

Diana Wynyard — Irish Heroine

Since last Friday, Diana Wynyard is the 1880 heroine at the Queen's, playing in *The Ante-Room*, a stage adaptation of Kate O'Brien's Irish family novel. Anything Diana Wynyard does is eagerly looked forward to, not only because she 's a beautiful woman and a fine actress, but because there 's still expectation about her career—that one day she 'll play the part that will make her a great actress. *The Ante-Room*, which has had a try-out run in Edinburgh and Manchester, is neither profound nor dramatic enough to give her that opportunity. It is a slight story, beautifully acted by her and an excellent cast, produced by Guthrie McClintic, the American director (Katharine Cornell's husband), and with the late-Victorian dresses and décor designed by Motley



Norman Parkinson

August Ruminant

THE PASSING HOUR

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE balance in Spain still sways desperately to and fro, and the French are working tirelessly to preserve the neutrality of the Powers. Germany now seems less likely to reply favourably, if at all, to the French appeal; and Italy, too, is obviously playing for time. The forced descent in Africa of the Italian war aeroplanes, disguised as civilians, but full of weapons, has been a little unfortunate for the Roman Government. There can be no doubt whatever that Signor Mussolini was ready and anxious to back the mutineers and their hordes of black men, but naturally, like all the rest of us, he only wants to back winners. At the moment it is far from certain that the mutineer Franco is going to win, so Rome plays for time. There is a rumour, by the way, that Franco has crossed over from Morocco to Spain at last to have a closer look at his war. This is an unusual procedure for a modern Dictator.

Popular Ambassador

Herr von Ribbentrop, Hitler's new Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, is the most popular Nazi in England. He knows this country well from business and diplomatic angles; he represented German champagne firms abroad before he became Hitler's personal adviser on foreign affairs

THE once great fortress of Badajoz has fallen to the rebels with only a very poor resistance. It was not always thus. During the Peninsular War the siege of Badajoz by Lord Wellington was one of the grimmest episodes in that grim campaign. It also led to a most romantic episode. Corporal Harry Smith rescued a beautiful Spanish girl during the sacking and looting of the town, and married her the following day—Wellington giving away the bride. Many years later, Smith, by this time Sir Harry, was a famous administrator in South Africa, and a town was called Ladysmith after his bride from Badajoz.

THE visit to Warsaw of General Gamelin, chief of the French General Staff, may easily turn out to be of primary importance to Europe. The anchor of Poland used to be the French alliance. Then France overplayed her hand, an ancient and apparently ineradicable failing of the French, and Poland became tired of her powerful but irritating ally. Germany leapt eagerly but, of course, clumsily, into the breach, and became very civil towards the Poles. But German diplomats find it difficult to be civil for long, and the tension in Danzig has caused the most profound uneasiness on the banks of the Vistula. If General Gamelin can restore the Franco-Polish goodwill, and can add it to the Franco-Russian alliance, affairs in Eastern Europe will look a great deal brighter than they have done for some time.

WHAT is the meaning of Herr von Ribbentrop's appointment to the German Embassy in London? The bosom friend of Hitler, and the friend of our Lord Londonderry, the new Ambassador will be a powerful lever for the pro-Prussian forces in this country, which are gaining in strength and lunacy every day.

I PICKED up a provincial evening-paper in the lounge of a West-Country hotel this week, and came on a pretty grim paragraph. A poor creature in Germany was desperately advertising for proof of his grandfather's marriage in a parish church near Frome in 1835. Without that proof, he would be hounded from his work as a non-Aryan, and probably either flung into a ghastly concentration camp, or else starved to death. It was a terrible thing to read in the depths of the green and lovely county of Somerset, with a pint of English beer in my hand, after a game of English cricket. Yet our pro-Prussians would

Expert on Revolutions

Mr. G. A. D. Ogilvie-Forbes, diplomat from Aberdeenshire, left last Thursday on his special mission to Madrid, where he had been Counsellor since last year. He was on leave when civil war broke out. He knows all about revolutions from his two years in Mexico City

have us all heiling Hitler and his jolly old regime.

A CITIZENS' committee has been appointed by Mayor La Guardia of New York City to help the police to eradicate the racketeers who prey so disastrously upon the citizenry. This must be about the two hundred and fifteenth committee which has been appointed to help the police, etc., etc., during the last few years. Nobody seems to pay much attention, least of all the racket-boys themselves.

HOWEVER much we may giggle at our Mother of Parliaments, life is appreciably duller when the dear old thing is not sitting. Hardly a week passes during the sessions without a really first-class joke, whether it be a speech from Mr. Elliott trying to explain his sixty-first, or whatever it is, agricultural policy, or whether it be a Socialist orator trying to conceal the woolly nature of the brains of the Opposition Front Bench. And how can a day really be called a day that has not been adorned by at least one speech from the tireless member for Epping ?

THERE is a rumour that the threepenny bit is going to be given a new lease of life in a slightly plebian costume. Instead of being a diminutive but nevertheless undeniably silver coin, it may be turned into a large but nickel one. There is nothing surprising in this. A good many European governments have hit upon the dodge in the last few years of introducing nickel coinage. It is handy, it is clean-looking, and it possesses the supreme advantage in these days of constituting a nice little reserve of the nickel which is the essential ingredient in so many varieties of armaments.

IN the last ten years, nearly half a million children have been injured on the roads of this country, and fourteen thousand have been killed. These figures are pretty awful, but they don't seem to me to be much worse than the lethargic apathy with which the vast majority of people regard them. It seems to be an accepted thing, like rain or fog or income-tax, that all these children should be smashed up every year. But what a hullabaloo there would be if a hundredth part of these accidents happened in trains, or in trams, or in bathing, or in playing football.

IT really looks at last as if a faint glimmering of sanity was going to be introduced into London's town-planning chaos. A new scheme for a rail-and-road bridge at Charing Cross is being seriously considered by Mr. Hore-Belisha, with at least six lines of road traffic and a road to link it up with the Euston road. If the Southern Railway's station cannot be moved south of the river—the ideal solution—then a rail-and-road bridge is the next best solution. A bridge at Charing Cross has been very badly wanted for years, and it was a sad moment when the Socialist majority on the L.C.C. turned a savage eye to Waterloo Bridge instead of a constructive eye further west. Anyway, any scheme that involves the destruction of the Hungerford eyesore will have my hearty support.

THE news that Catterick camp is to be rebuilt brings back some odd memories. I was one of the very first pioneers who ever camped upon that bleak inhospitable upland, in the autumnal mists and chills of 1915. The huts were in the process of being run together—the officer's mess was practically built round us as we sat at meals—and most of the labourers employed were convicts from various penitentiaries. We never went out after dark except in parties, and invariably carried revolvers fully loaded and ready for action against the lurking sandbaggers and garrotters. At least half of the silver change in the camp was counterfeit. It was a blessing to escape into the comparative safety and comfort of the Salient.

THE Army has gone all classical. The divisional manœuvres in Sussex and Surrey last week were a contest between the Argonauts and the Colchians for the Golden Fleece. The Fleece itself was in the village of Hurtwood, but it was not reported whether it was actually represented by the person of Lord Allen of Hurtwood or not. Centaurs and Lapithæ took part in the struggle, but Medes, "the dark witch-maiden," seems to have been left out. She was, of course, Jason's technical adviser and strategist in the earlier version. Next year I hope the idea will be extended, and that storm-troops will be concealed inside mechanised Wooden Horses. Much might also be learnt from Gideon's guile against the Midianites, and Joshua's singular siege-tactics against Jerico.

Strange London Scene

This is what Hyde Park Corner looks like now that August is here. There hasn't been such a scene of upheaval in the centre of London since Piccadilly was taken up and put down again a year or two ago

TRULY the American book-reading public is a weird phenomenon. The latest craze is a book called *Gone with the Wind*. It is only seven pages shorter than *Anthony Adverse*, and it weighs a ton. The authoress took eight years to write it, but she certainly is being repaid for her trouble. Fifty thousand copies were sold on one single day last week.

HAROLD LARWOOD, the England and Nottinghamshire fast bowler, has broken a rib. It is, of course, very unfortunate for him, and we are all very sorry about it. But from everyone's point of view, except Larwood's, there is something rather comical about it. Because Larwood broke his rib while bowling, and thus becomes the first bowler on record to commit body-line, as it were, against himself.

THE Olympic Games dragged themselves out to a rather dreary end, with disputes, protests, quarrels, and all the rest of the normal accompaniments of international amity. The best joke is the new system of scoring which was evolved by the German journalists, in order to discount America's brilliant series of victories in the major events. By this new system, a second prize for needlework, or something, was worth a world's record in the 100 metres. And as the local lads are pretty hot on needlework, and such-like sports, Germany is going to finish a close second to America with her "auxiliary tribes of Africans," as the *Angriff* so politely called the phenomenal negroes.

Coasting the Riviera

Lady Plunket made her first Cannes call on Georges Carpentier (left) at his bar. The other caller is Mr. Jim Lawrence. Lady Plunket was staying with the Paravicinis at Somerset Maugham's villa

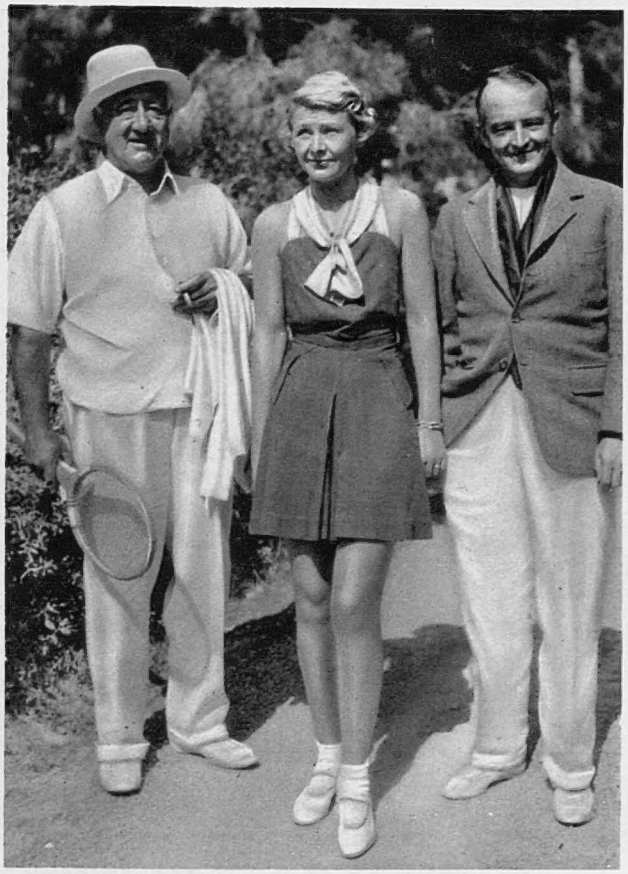
Miss Penelope Maffey and Vicomte de Bonchamps were two more bar-callers—at the Carlton this time. They were staying with Sir Duncan Orr-Lewis

Mrs. Guy Carleton-Paget

Left: Mrs. Guy Carleton-Paget was one of the hundred guests at Mrs. Cartwright's open-air fork-luncheon at Antibes. She and her husband came over from Mr. and Mrs. "Bill" Burton's villa, where they were staying

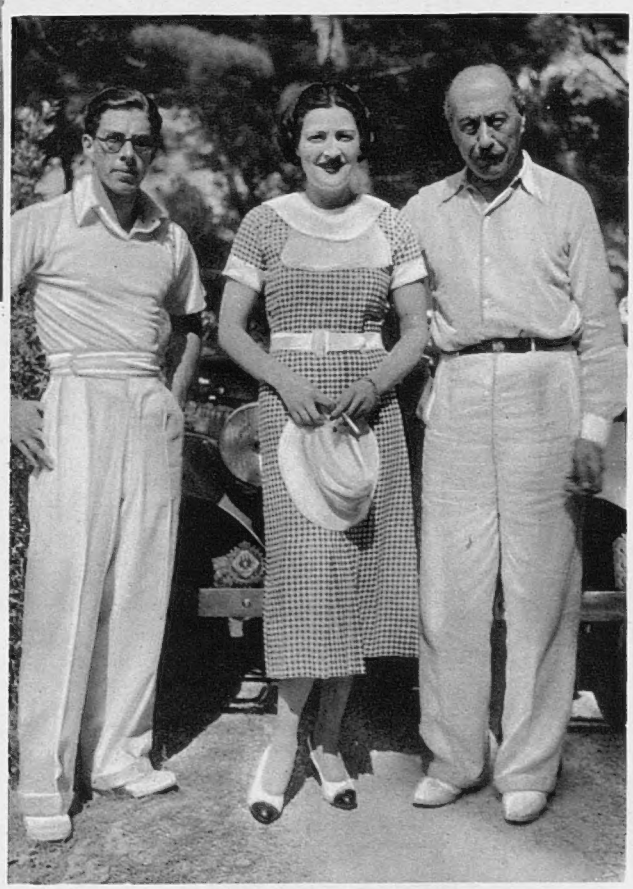
Lady Mappin

Was just going into the Monte Carlo pool in a neat wine-coloured swimming-suit and dark glasses. She is Sir Charles Mappin's wife, and was Anne Gordon-Duff



Host and Guests

Mr. Reginald Purbrick, M.P., is the host—at Château de la Garoupe on Cap Antibes. With him are M. and Mme. Peter Echar, who came to lunch and tennis. Mme. Echar was Mrs. Vincent Youmans, wife of the "No! No! Nanette" composer; her second husband is Swiss



For Playing Tennis

Prince Vsevolode of Russia, Lady Lindsay Hogg, and M. Henri Ducout were off to play tennis in Cannes. They were more guests of Mr. Purbrick's at the villa he has taken from Lady Norman till the spring

Christening Group in Warwickshire

Left: the Hon. Richard and Mrs. Erskine's baby son was christened at Stratford - on - Avon. In the group with them are Mr. Dennis Flower and Mrs. Longsdon (left), and Lord Erskine and Major and Mrs. Norbury, the baby's grandparents. The Hon. Richard Erskine is Lord Erskine's younger son

Beach Party at Frinton

The Hon. Mrs. John Pepys has her small daughter, Marye, on her knee and is with her parents, Major and Mrs. Guy Larnach-Nevill, and her thirteen-year-old brother, Rupert. She married Lord Cottenham's brother in 1933

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

SOMEONE said sympathetically the other day, "Poor Miss Peeps! What do you do when no one is going out and nothing is going on?" It 's not easy to do this job in a half-empty London with no parties happening to supply the news and anecdotes we want.

However, there is much to be said for London in August. Head-waiters are kinder, taxi-drivers less autocratic, and you don't sit and swear for hours in a traffic jam now that the streets are comparatively empty.

As to places like the Ritz, there is no comparison between the calm peace and solitude of an out-of-season luncheon and the "smash and grab" battle in the midst of the season!

A Family Party

LUNCHING there the other day we noticed a family gathering of Keppels; that handsome Edwardian couple, the Hon. George and his wife, and their daughter, the Hon. Mrs. Roland Cubitt.

A stag party by the door was composed of Sir Anthony Weldon, Sir John Milbanke and his brother, and almost the only man possessed of real glamour, the Grand Duke Dimitri.

Mrs. Barbara Walsh in an off-white coat ("distressed" is such a lovely word for "off") trimmed with silver fox, seemed more interested in her long shopping list than her short lunch. She is off to America again this week, but reservations seem hard to get at this time of year.

Fun for Film Fans

A fine week-end in a divine country house, and who wants to go to Germany, Austria or Yugo-Slavia for a holiday? Well, we all do, of course, but English country life under the best auspices has very great compensations.

You find it under the best auspices if you stay with the Anthony Hornbys at Savenay Farm at Denham, which they have taken for three months from Sir Oswald Moseley.

Film stars from the London Film Company (the studio is a stone's-throw away) go over in full costumes and make-up, and lunch in the garden, and people from London and surrounding parts of the country ring up all the time, and arrive for lunch, tea or dinner, tennis or a bathe in the river, which runs through the garden.

No Holidays for Her

VIVIEN LEIGH and Laurence Olivier, who are engaged on the film *Fire over England*, came to luncheon when we were there, he in doublet and hose, she in a lovely but gigantic grey and black and silver dress, a handkerchief pinned over her Elizabethan ruffle, not as a bib, but to keep the orange make-up on her exquisite chin from spreading! The next day she escaped from the studio and played backgammon in the garden in a lime-green shirt and grey trousers. No holidays for this lovely little star since her jump to fame last year. Just one film after another and plays waiting for her when she has time.

The Shortest of Shorts

CAPTAIN CUNNINGHAM-REID fished on the river with his two good-looking little sons. He and his wife are planning a cruise on the Dalmatian coast later in the month. They did it last year and keep their yacht at Splitz.

Lady Veronica Hornby, of the lovely figure, lives up to her best-dressed reputation even in these rural surroundings; lunching in a bright green skirt, white linen jacket dotted about with green, yellow and magenta counters, and a magenta silk muffler, and playing tennis in a crimson shirt and the briefest of red and white striped pants.

Sir Alfred Beit, who was staying there, made an extensive tour of the studios with Mr. Anthony Hornby. It is bad luck that his leg, which he broke in Switzerland nearly two years ago, refuses to mend satisfactorily, and still causes him a certain amount of trouble.

"Nannies" Make a Difference

THE Hon. Mrs. Brinsley Plunket, who has not been back long from America, was looking very smart when we encountered her at luncheon the other day.

Scarlet zip fasteners adorned her black suit, and her handbag of black patent leather, shaped in the form of a heart, was laced up with a scarlet stay-lace!

In the same restaurant in Arlington Street, we found Mrs. Kenneth Wagg, amused to read in some daily journal that she was "settled in Venice," when actually she was just off to Cornwall with her offspring and no nurse, to stay with Mrs. Mike Wardell. She was viewing the expedition with some trepidation, for "nannies" make a vast difference in life.

We liked her new, very sailor-ish white beret, worn on the back of her smart, dark head.

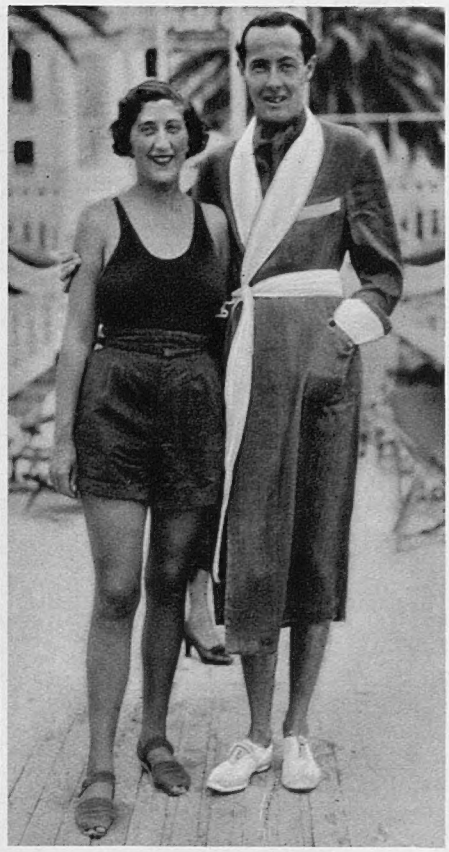
Better Late Than Never

ON Monday last, when those two tragic air disasters occurred, we met Lord

Scottish Season: An "At Home" at Perth

Sir Torquil and Lady Munro motored over from Angus to the Black Watch "At Home" at Perth. They have let Lindertis to Sir Harry Mordaunt for the season, and are living in a small house on the estate

Miss Lucienne and Miss Dorothy Dawson, daughters of Colonel and Mrs. Rupert Dawson, of Ochill, watched the Black Watch v. Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders' cricket match, which was the event of the day



Honeymoon Refugees

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Wheeler ended their honeymoon in Cannes, having started it in Majorca, whence they were rescued by the Repulse after the civil war started. Mrs. Wheeler is Colonel and Lady Bertha Dawkins' daughter

Carlisle in a state of acute anxiety about his wife, who was flying back from the Isle of Wight, and was very late.

Later that evening we found them dining at Quinto's, the new place that is rapidly becoming popular, and learnt that her late arrival was due to the train part of her journey, a landslide and breakdown on the line at Mersham tunnel.

She was looking as attractive as ever, her clear-cut charm accentuated by the neatness of a pale grey coat and skirt with white accessories.

Big noises in the film world like Mr. Joseph Schenk and Mr. A. G. Blumenthal were also dining at Quinto's that night. And we saw Miss Vivien Leigh, this time in an attractive royal-blue dinner-jacket-suit with a vivid scarlet scarf.

A Rescued Ranee

AMONG the many people whose "castle in Spain" has toppled to the ground, is the Ranee of Pudakota, who has been staying at Majorca with Miss Isobel Kemp, a permanent villa-ite on the island.

Bombs fell on the garage of the villa, and the Ranee and her son plunged fully dressed into the sea.

They showed us an amazing photograph of a bomb actually bursting on the Cathedral of Palma, and another of a patient crowd of British holiday-makers queueing up to leave in "Repulse."

The Ranee and her son came home in a Dutch mail boat, and looked none the worse for their alarming experiences when we met them at the Gaiety Theatre.

We hear "Repulse" took refugees of all nationalities and that the prestige of the British Navy has never stood higher.

On the other hand the French cruiser would only rescue its own compatriots, and the German Jews who were taken on board the German cruiser have since been put in concentration camps in Germany.

Whirlwind Shopping

THE Savoy, with its all-the-year-round cosmopolitan reputation, is fun on August nights. On Tuesday night, Fred Astaire and his wife were dining there with Eddie Tatham, who had just returned from a week at Cowes with the Guinness clan.

Lady Charles Cavendish has postponed her departure for Freibourg for a day or two in order to see her beloved brother, whose visit to London is only a whirlwind trip to buy Savile Row suits.

Engagement

ROMANCES bloom, apparently, in the off season. We have noted in the past few months that Miss Pat Charles (Hilary Charles and Mrs. Michael Portman make up the trio of lovely sisters) has never been seen unless accompanied by Mr. Owen Roberts, only son of the American-born ex-Master of the Belvoir, the late Mr. Marshall Roberts.

Now their engagement is announced. She wears a square emerald on her third finger, and we hear that the engagement is likely to be short, as Mr. Roberts' six months' course of wireless aeronautics will seriously interfere with any idea of a honeymoon unless they are married almost immediately.—MISS PEEPS

Guest of the Duke of Buccleuch

The Duke of Gloucester was a guest of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Buccleuch, at Durisdeer, Dumfriesshire, for the opening of the grouse season; he walked to the butts while the Duchess of Gloucester rode on a white pony

August Attitudes

Caught by the Silly Season Camera

Contemplation

Lord Leven and Melville looked at the exhibits (and the exhibits looked at him) at the Nairn Agricultural Show, held ten days back. He is Lord-Lieutenant of the County and lives, when up there, at Glenferness, Nairn

Right: Laura la Plante, whose film career stretches back into the silent days, sailed in the Normandie with Fred Astaire and seemed just as glad about her arriving here; her name, by the way, is her real one—comes from a French father

Transplantation

Disembarkation

Fred Astaire arrived at Southampton on the Normandie. He is visiting England after completing his latest film with Ginger Rogers—"Swing Time"—which promises some hot numbers from Mr. Jerome Kern's muse

Identification

Concentration

Dr. Max Euwe, the world's chess champion, was getting into training for the Master's Chess Tournament which began last week at Nottingham—a fierce and chequered battle

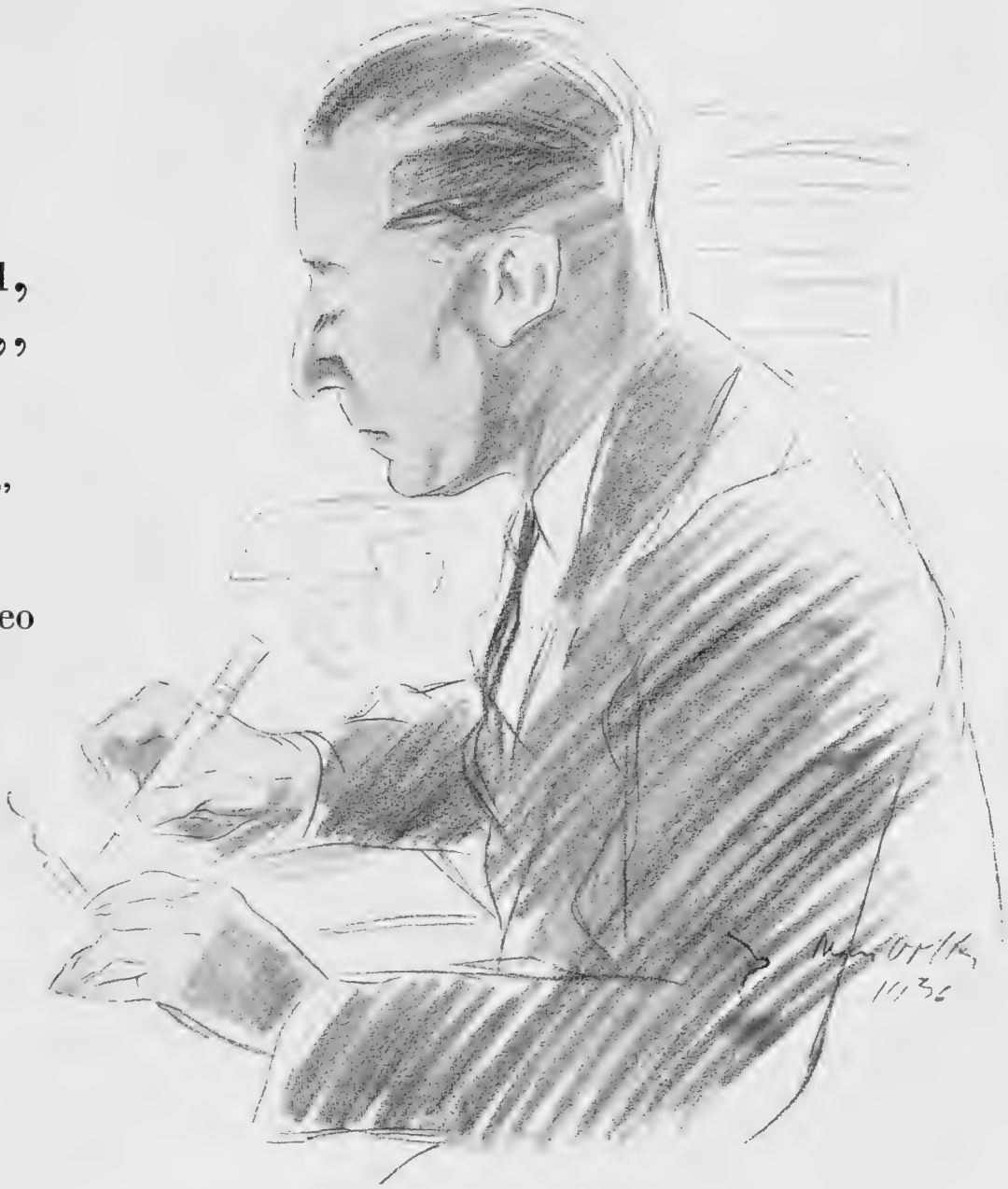
Materialisation

Danté, the magician whose revue opened at the Alhambra last Wednesday, materialised in this country from nothing more supernatural than an air liner; although he has taken his company all over the world, this is his first visit here. His audience is unlike his namesake's, "whom no event surprised"

Left: Yes, it's Cecil Beaton disguised as a ballerina behind one of his own creations—a dress from the new de Basil ballet, Lichine's "Pavillon," for which Beaton also did the scenery. The picture was taken at a fitting in Mme. Karinska's studio

"After You, Who . . . ?"

A New "Bystander" Series of Celebrities in Cameo



No. 34

The Marquess of Donegall

EDWARD ARTHUR DONALD ST. GEORGE HAMILTON CHICHESTER, Earl of Belfast, Baron Fisherwick of Fisherwick (in the County of Stafford), Hereditary Lord High Admiral of Loch Neagh, Governor of Carrickfergus Castle, and *arrière-pensée* of the fifth Marquess of Donegall, is the most conscientious newspaper columnist in the country. He is also easily the bravest. I for one would not dream of landing all over Spain in the middle of the civil war. But "Don" did, and accompanied by Rupert Bellville, what 's more. Don takes his job really seriously, too seriously. For three days once he starved in Hyde Park and on the Embankment in order to get local colour, fleas, and atmosphere. Whereupon his editor said in effect: "We don't hire you for this, Donegall. You are supposed to hobnob with Dukes." Even that did not deter him.

Educated in Paris, Biarritz, Madrid, Lausanne, and at Eton, followed by Oxford, Munich, Hanover and Vienna, Lord Donegall became an Honorary Attaché at Brussels while he was still an undergraduate at the House. It was a letter written by him from Rumania and kept by its recipient for two years in Glasgow which finally led to his debut in Fleet Street. He then preceded me on the *Sunday Graphic* before going over to his present employers.

At Eton he got his racquets. At Oxford he started the inter-Varsity squash matches. At present he is developing into one of the safest civilian pilots in the country. He already has three hundred and fifty hours to his credit. But then he is a real modern. The new block of flats into which he is moving has a gas-proof shelter. He adores the telephone, working models, wireless, American beauties, and anything else mechanical. By contrast, he dislikes petty officials, brave little women, and large meals, his ideal form of sustenance being concentrated beef essence.

DON has a quick temper, considerable charm, an occasional puzzled frown, a great sense of youthfulness, and a hatred for anything with knobs on. As a writer he tends to slip into slang for fear of seeming stilted. As a Marquess he is never quite sure whether he should not be more dignified, preferring to err, when in doubt, on the hail-fellow-well-met side. Slight, earnest, pale, coolly erratic, and calmly cruel, Don ought to develop his own personality rather than imitate the technique of others. He has grown up fast in the past five years, remained miraculously a bachelor, and always reminds me of any French Dauphin, just as Lord Castlerosse is evidently a re-incarnation of Henry VIII. But then it has always been a pet theory of mine that all present-day columnists are now paying the price for sins committed in a previous royal existence.

Charles Graves

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Crime and Research

Dr. Clitterhouse (Ralph Richardson)

Sketches by Rouson

"The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse" (Haymarket)

THIS year should set up a record for first plays by promising dramatists, and the latest, by Barré Lyndon, is perhaps the most promising of them all. His construction and dialogue would do credit to an author of far greater experience, and he is nothing if not original. Also, he is very fortunate to make his debut under such a distinguished management as that of the Haymarket Theatre.

This Dr. Clitterhouse is deeply interested not so much in the psychology of crime as in its pathology. Why, he argues, should criminals develop their characteristically low type of features and physique? And, being the amazing man he is, decides to find the answer by becoming a burglar himself and making careful notes of his own physical reactions to crime. He carries out four successful burglaries near his own house in St. John's Wood, but being of a phlegmatic temperament, he finds these activities have no very interesting effect on his pulse or blood pressure. Still, he gets quite a kick out of discussing these robberies with his unsuspecting friend, Chief Inspector Charles of Scotland Yard (Eric Stanley), from whom he extracts the information that practically the only efficient "fence" in London is Benny Kellerman.

Naturally, his next step is to get in touch with this gentleman, and he runs him to earth in the shady club he owns near Theobald's Road; here he meets a gang of crooks who subsequently not only accept him as one of themselves, but allow him to become director of operations, recognising in him the master mind capable of planning and carrying out burglaries on the really grand scale. Fortunately, the gang proved most obliging in the matter of reactions; he takes samples of their blood and enquires into their nervous spasms and weak hearts.

After a big fur robbery he decides to retire from active crime and write his scientific treatise on the subject. Of all the crowd, the only one to discover his identity is Kellerman, and he, furious at the thought of losing such a potential source of revenue, tries to blackmail him. The obvious and only possible way out for the doctor seems to be to murder the man and dispose of his body with the skill that he has applied to his other criminal ventures. Here the story takes an interesting turn, for whilst he was indulging in crime, with no advantage to himself and only in the interests of science, he pulled off the most Machiavellian schemes with consummate skill; now, when he commits murder to protect himself, he promptly makes as many blunders and leaves as many loopholes for detection as any amateur.

Ralph Richardson plays this difficult part in such a quiet, convincing way that he never allows this queer specimen of a doctor to appear fantastic. His personality enforces credulity in a character which reason rejects as perfectly incredible.

The characters of the gang are wonderfully well drawn and differentiated. The star turn, perhaps, is Badger Lee, a worn-out old "lag," nervous and frail, played with wonderful delicacy and observation by Hugh E. Wright. On broader lines is Charles Farrell's performance as Pal Green, a young tough in a preposterous bowler which he raises solemnly every time he takes a drink to say with feeling: "Rot 'im," a tribute to the judge who gave him three years' penal servitude. Claud Gurney's production is perfect, and the play should have an amazing success.

Enter Mr. Benjamin, looking for trouble, and he gets it: Nurse Ann (Joan Marion) and Benny Kellerman (Charles Mortimer)

Burglarious Frieze

"Oakie" (S. Victor Stanley), "Badger" (Hugh E. Wright), Dr. Clitterhouse (Ralph Richardson), and "Pal" (Charles Farrell)

Pearl Freeman

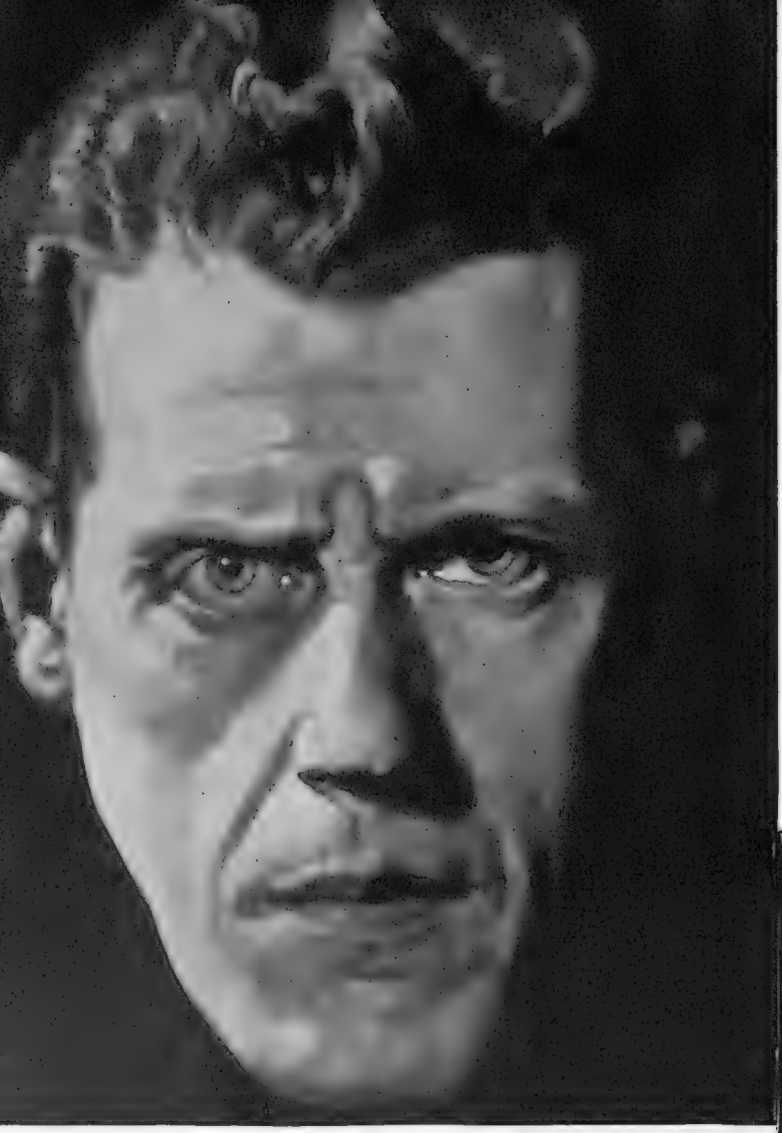
Indian Beauty — Princess Karim of Kapurthala

Maharaj Kumar Ranee Karamjit Singh of Kapurthala—to style her in full—must be one of the loveliest Indian women to visit this country. She is over here for six months, has taken to European dress for the first time and, like so many Indian women, has demonstrated an almost Parisian flair for what is smart in Western clothes; they set off her Spanish-style beauty remarkably well. Her husband, Prince Karim, is the Maharaj of Kapurthala's third son; she is of a Hindu Rajput family — is the Rajah of Kashibur's daughter. Prince and Princess Karim have seen most of what is to see in England and, in the process, have made a lot of friends here

David Jagger—Artist

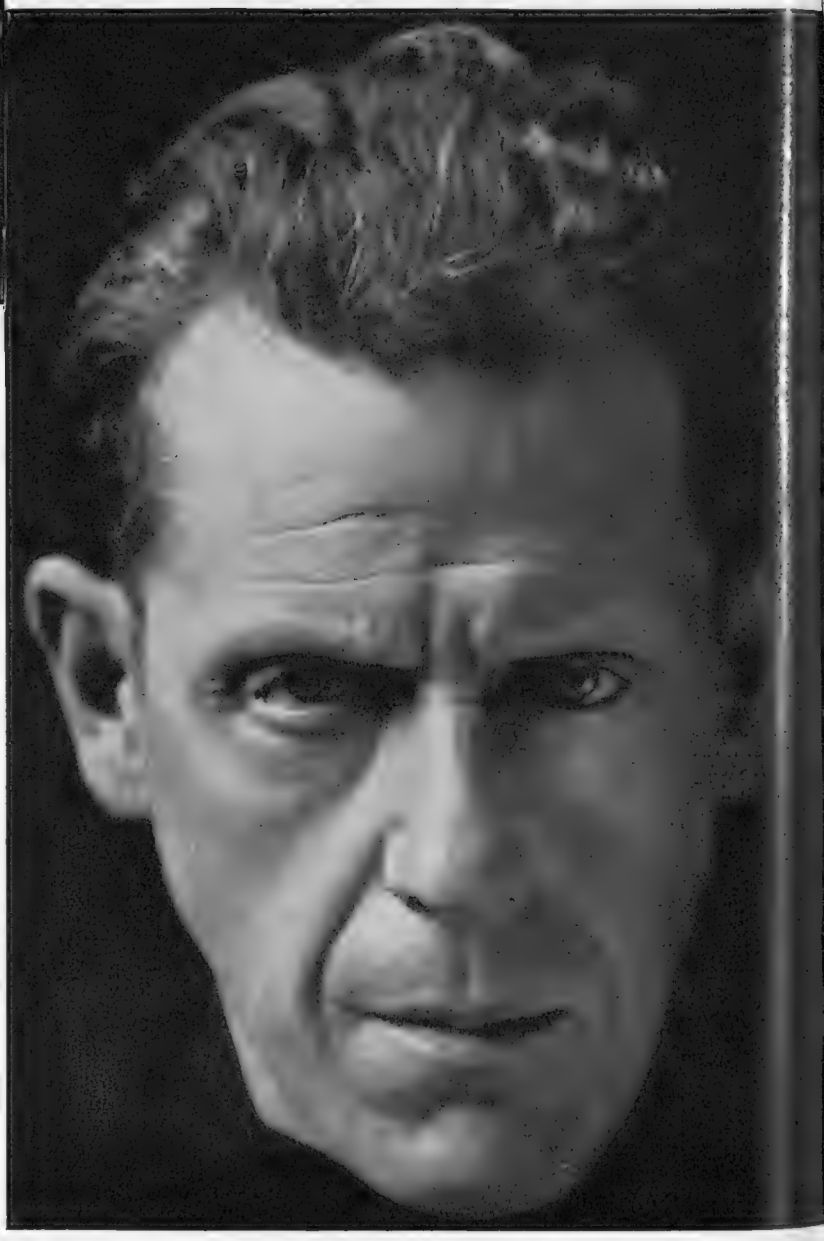
A Self-Portrait and a Photograph

Photographs by Baron



Jagger As He Sees Himself

David Jagger's (you will remember) was the one-man exhibition—his first—which the Duke of Atholl opened last October and which became an event of the year. Jagger was born in Yorkshire, began by roaming the moors and painting landscapes, came to London and joined a commercial studio, got three paintings in the 1917 Academy, and next year made a big success with "A Laughing Girl." After that he turned much more to portraiture, and it was not long before the Queen, seeing a Jagger, said "I'd like that artist to paint me." The resulting picture was one of the finest in last year's Exhibition and is now in the Bethlem Hospital. Other typical portraits are of Lord Baden-Powell and of the Hon. Mrs. Michael Mason, while of his first love, landscape, "Melting Glacier" is a good example; his enthusiasm for golf as well as his sense of grouping are shown in "Homage to Bobby Jones." His strong, common-sense touch, his decorative design and colour are the little extra over a likeness which does justice to painter and sitter. Jagger himself (his friends rarely use his Christian name) thinks that the self-portrait above is his best work; he painted it in three days on the back of a canvas board when his glasses were broken. As for the photograph, it is completely un-retouched and was taken in his all-white Chelsea studio



Jagger As the Camera Sees Him

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

CONGRATULATIONS to Miss Felicia Browne, sculptress, of Bloomsbury, London, who has enlisted in the Red forces at Barcelona. "I am a member of the London Communists," said the girl shyly, "and I can fight as well as any man." The Reds enlisted her on the spot, and sent her to the front—and what an example to Bloomsbury! Where is the Bloomsbury Iron Division, each fighter with the symbolic pansy embroidered on his red silk battle-shirt? Those boys should be devils at fighting nuns, and those girls would burn a cathedral down as soon as look at it. When will Russell Square start echoing to their martial tramplings, and when are Marshal Bertrand Russell and General Ivor Montague going to lead them to victory or death? Why this hanging back? Hey?

We 'd scatter a few flowers and old rice on the departing warriors ourselves with great pleasure, and the Spanish rebels would certainly have some fun, slapping the Iron Division till they yelled with hysteria, and incidentally punishing a terrible lot of bad writing and worse art. It 's difficult to understand why mobilisation of volunteers hasn't begun yet. We 've heard so much ferocious chatter and bloodthirsty squeakings at Bloomsbury parties we 'd have thought the boys and girls would have tripped en masse to the Red colours long ago, cheering shrilly for Moscow. Can it be that the actual sight of blood makes 'em feel faint?

Wings Over Everybody

As if the bitter struggle between the two forces fighting for Spain were not enough, they 've both got to contend with the *Daily Express* aeroplane, which apparently terrifies Reds and Rights alike. Only the other day, we were interested to read, this machine scattered a squadron of Red battleships—or it may have been the entire fleet—merely by flying over it. A little later, the Reds counter-attacked by trying to bomb Sefton Delmer's car from the air. It 's obvious everybody 's pretty shaken, and it may turn out eventually that the *Express* has won the war, to the genuine concern of the populace.

That would let the blessings of modern civilisation into the Peninsula with a bit of a rush, don't you think? They 'd be practically compelled to make the Viscount Viceroy of Spain—he 's a Velasquez type, anyway—on the spot. Before the ink was dry on the treaty, half Spain would be community-singing and the other half writing its troubles to Don Jaime Douglas. The only one of the *Express* boys who knows something about Spain—there *is* one—would naturally be frozen out.

Upward and Onward

THE Dorking magistrates the other day refused to grant Gatwick Airport an all-day (9 a.m.—10.30 p.m.) licence for what in these islands is called "intoxicating liquor," which embraces everything from a vintage Chambertin to the weakest small-beer. Their object, since relatively few pilots nowadays climb into the air seeing double, must be a sincere concern for the passenger—or, might one put it? a sincere determination to deprive the passenger of as much comfort as possible.

Before or after an air-journey, in our experience, the human organism clamours for these gifts of God, whether of the grape, the malt, or the hop, with more than usual vehemence. But the pious grocers who adorn our unpaid magistrature nevertheless know that to allow anybody to have a drink when he feels like it is a loose Continental habit not to be endured.

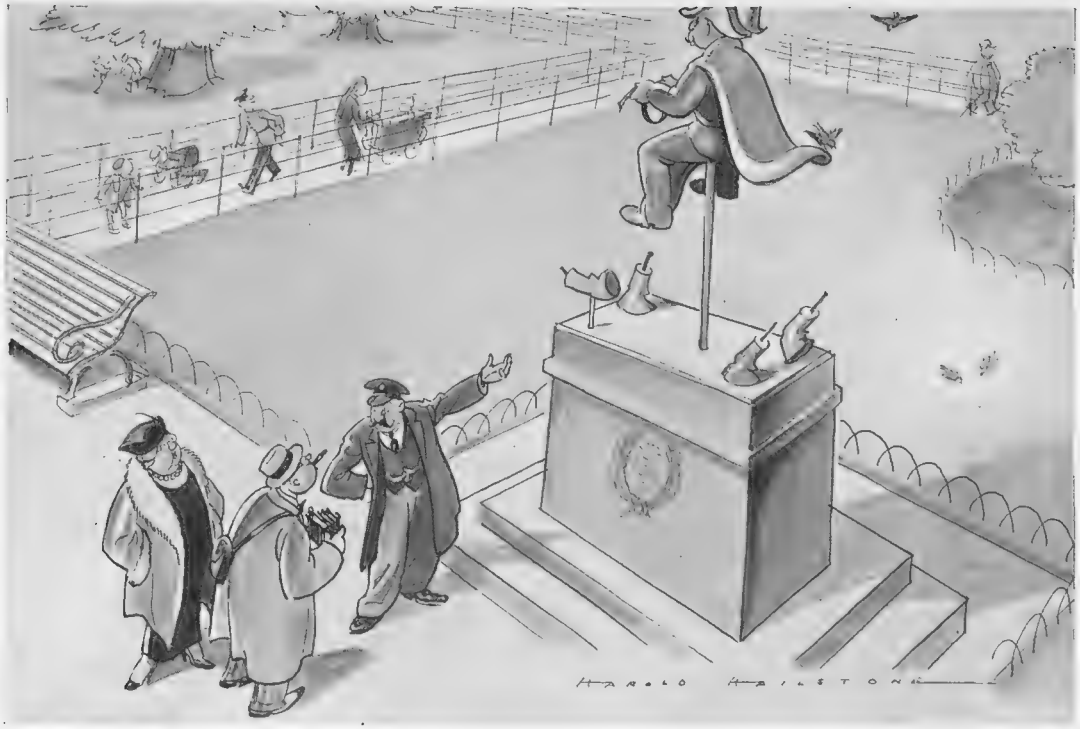
Well, it 's a point of view, and the philosopher must shrug and bear it. But the newspaper boys have a curious tendency to make a song about the superior gaiety of London and certain of our leading coast resorts, and to remark the increasing hordes of Continentals who flock this side of the Channel to enjoy that same; which is actually such crude untruth that even a history don couldn't be deceived by it. Galsworthy struck a truer note when he compared Squire Pendyce's typical Nordic head to the Admiralty Pier at Dover—"that strange long narrow thing, with a slight twist or bend at the end, which first disturbs the comfort of foreigners arriving on these shores and strikes them with a sense of wonder and dismay."

"Dismay" is the operative word. Watch a group of surprised Frenchmen looking for a drink at Brighton on a hot Sunday afternoon and you realise how just it is.

"They want me to pose for another joke drawing about us!"

Escape

FROM Vienna, city of Kreisler, came an odd news item recently. A small boy doomed by a harsh parent to practise the violin hit on a brilliant method of escape from his drudgery, and set fire to the family apartment. The sardonic Fates were on the alert, however. The flat was severely damaged, the fiddle escaped



" You 've no idea, sir, the trouble 'e 's had with that 'orse "

unharmed, and the small boy, having been severely dealt with, will once more presumably take up the dreadful yoke.

It isn't an original plan, of course. H. G. Wells's Mr. Polly used it to escape from his wife, if you remember. Mr. Shaw hadn't quite the same courage in *Heartbreak House*. A bomb dropped from the sky puts a much-needed end to the agonising chatter of his characters, whereas one of them ought to have sneaked quietly away himself and blown the house up. Lovers of Henry James will remember that in one of his more vulgar stories a rude person suddenly gets so sick of the niff-naffery of everybody present that he shouts " Half a mo ! ", and reappears with a machine-gun, wiping them all out. Or so James lovers tell us. We 'd rather die than look it up. Recollect also the case of Samson, who got suddenly bored with the Philistines—they must have been rather like stockbrokers with curly, scented beards—and pulled the place about their ears. Guy Fawkes, again. If Fawkes had succeeded in his salutary work, his statue would have stood on the green facing Parliament.

And if, incidentally, you consider this last remark just a bit of whimsy, remember the true words of an Elizabethan poet :

Treason doth never prosper — what 's the reason ?
If it do prosper, none do call it treason.

Fairey Corner

TALKING of whimsy reminds us we 've had a first communiqué from the man we know who is spending a few weeks in William Blake's cottage in Sussex, in the garden of which the poet Blake once saw a fairy funeral (so he averred). Our friend writes :

No funerals observed up to date, but on the evening of the 6th detected a surly-looking elfin figure lounging on a shelf in the book-cupboard. Conversation :

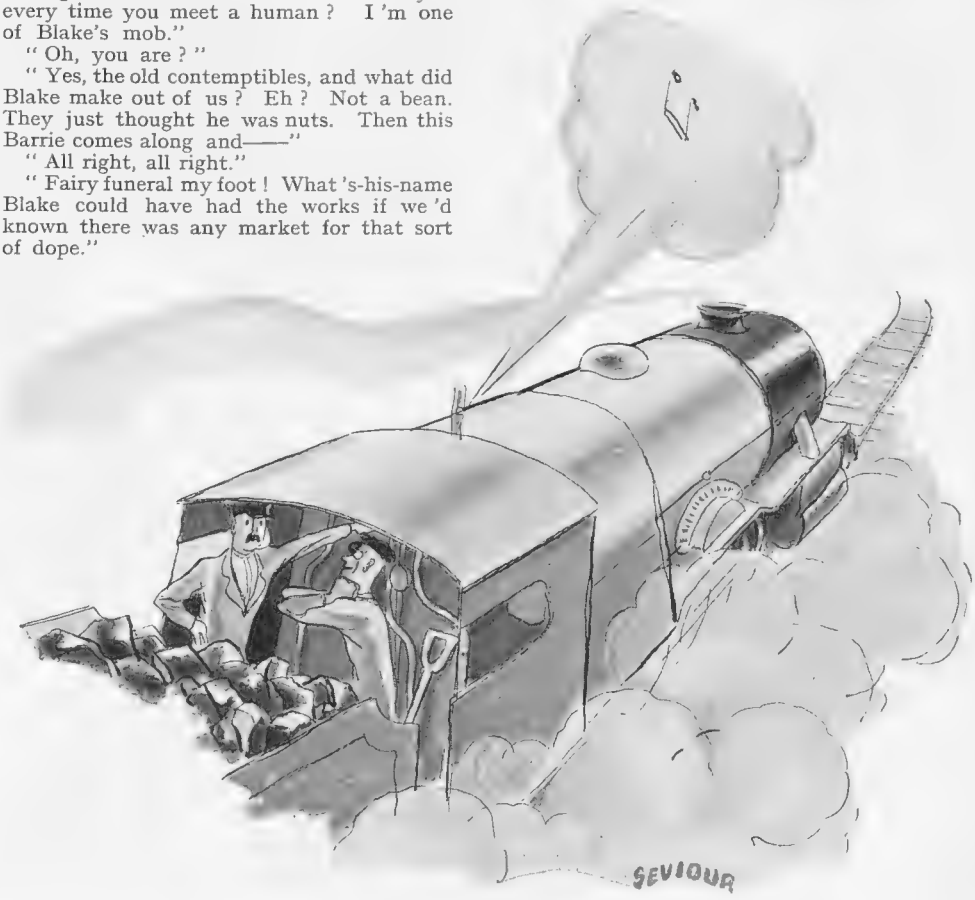
" Are you a fairy ? "
" Go to hell."
" One more crack like that from you and I 'll see what the agents have to say."
" Go to hell."
" I didn't take this place to be insulted by something out of *Peter Pan*, you know."
[Here the elf, or fairy, made a rather unpleasant sign associated in Italy with the evil eye.]
" What *are* you so sour about, anyway ? "
" Hell, you 'd be sour, wouldn't you, having that Barrie stuff chucked at you every time you meet a human ? I 'm one of Blake's mob."
" Oh, you are ? "
" Yes, the old contemptibles, and what did Blake make out of us ? Eh ? Not a bean. They just thought he was nuts. Then this Barrie comes along and——"
" All right, all right."
" Fairy funeral my foot ! What 's-his-name Blake could have had the works if we 'd known there was any market for that sort of dope."
" There wasn't then."
" Fat lot you seem to know about salesmanship."

With that the elf, or fairy, nodded and flew off in a surly manner. Our friend adds that he looked rather like a dainty edition of Dr. Inge. We expect further news before long.

Druidentanz

ONE unfortunate circumstance for ever mars the Druidic solemnities which open every Welch National Eisteddfod. Inevitably the trousers of the Calvinist preachers dressed up as ancient Druids and trapesing round in green nighties and curious headgear, designed by Von Herkomer in Victoria's reign, show beneath their robes. This tends to ruin the spectacle, and we 're told it happened as usual at Fishguard this year. Underneath their nighties the authentic Druids wore shorts, green in colour and often bearing an embroidered device such as " Hurrah for Liberty " or " I love Mrs. Pryttherch the Gas." When conducting human sacrifice—a rite the Eisteddfod preachers always omit—they threw off their robes and circled round the victim howling, like a lot of whiskered Boy Scouts. The poet Iolo ap Gwchrwchmygrrch sang, in 36 B.C. :

Under the sacred mistletoe
The Druids were at their dread sacrifice ;



" Oh, do let me do it, Mr. Smithers ! "

I didn't much care for the look
One of them gave my Myfanwy, sweet girl ;
It was the third Druid from the left, with the bow legs :
This kind of behaviour from such a whiskered peril
Seems pretty lousy.

Why, you ask, do we find this Druidic flafla so absorbing ? Because we know a musician who was once Bard, and jolly well ought to be, too.

Laughter

ALMOST equally as provocative of thought was the Olympic Torch stuff at the Olympic Games in Berlin. The athlete carrying it over its last stage ought to have collapsed like Pheidippides, and died at the Führer's feet with a heroic cry, or yelp, or bellow, but he did nothing of the sort. As with the Eisteddfod ceremonial, they took care to miss out the perfect climax which made such rituals so impressive in the dawn of the world.

The solemnity of the march past of the athletes of all nations was marred, according to the *Times*, by the flagbearer of the Swiss team, who kept laughing and throwing his flag into the air and catching it again. Nobody seems to have asked him what he was laughing at. It may have been pure hysteria. What does a Swiss laugh at ? Sometimes because he 's thinking about the national hero William Tell, who never existed ? Sometimes because he 's thinking of his snug hotel away under the peak of the Schreckhicherhorn, the coming Winter Sports season, the round, innocent British faces thronging the foyer, the Major and the Chaplain, reckless young " Skitters " Faughhaughton and the six Hathaway girls, proud Sir Henry Bibbitt and his moustache Prince, all the nice, clean, artless mob who think Switzerland is ours ?

One thing a Swiss certainly has to laugh at, and that is the thought of the icy dreadful town of Geneva and all that goes on there, such a lot of it at our expense. Did we ever tell you in what words a cynical dance-hostess in a gloomy and expensive cabaret in Geneva once described to us certain regular clients, the cream of the League ? She borrowed (speaking French) her terms chiefly from the farmyard, the burning Sahara, and the wine-dark ocean. How can a high light of the League be at once a camel, a pig, and a mackerel ? Perhaps they could tell us at the " Zoo."

Tub

THE Islington dustmen, of all people, have struck a blow at a curious national fetish. The Borough Council provided free baths for them. The Cleansing Superintendent reported the other day that the sturdy dustmen had made little use of them. And the dustmen may be right.

The British discovery of the bath is relatively recent, as Whistler remarked on the opening of the Bath Club. Somewhere in mid or late Victorian days a chap in India saw a native splashing about in water. Curious little devils, natives. Inquiring, he was told that the object was to keep cool. He got the habit himself, and brought it back to England, and before long the purplest major was wallowing daily in the Cold Tub, or at least splashing water on the floor to deceive the servants. And so the legend began that we are the cleanest and hardiest nation on earth, though history records more public hot and cold baths per head of populace in Mediæval Paris than there are in London now. Somebody therefore must be wrong.

Squatter's Rights

THE will of A. E. Housman, beyond a Horatian bequest of wine to a Cambridge dining-club, has an interesting clause involving his writings. All Housman's prose " in whatever language " is to be destroyed by his brother Laurence, who is empowered to select any completed MS. verse " not inferior in quality to the average of his published verse," publish it, and destroy the rest. So there may yet be a third slim volume of that exquisite defeatist verse, one more ethereal-scented nosegay of the sorrows of Shropshire Lads.

No other poet can ever snaffle Shropshire now. It belongs to Housman in perpetuity as Lincolnshire belongs to Tennyson, Sussex to Belloc, Dorset to Barnes, Devonshire to Newbolt, and Cumberland to Wordsworth. The poets are rightly jealous of outsiders horning in on their territory. Wordsworth (surnamed Horse Face) once hit a Mrs. Waghorne whom he discovered writing a sonnet on Windermere. " You *dare*," said Wordsworth, breathing hard, " you *double-crossing old haybag*." On the other hand, not all poets have made their title good. Blake, for instance, who announced that he was going to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land, and only got as far as Brighton.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Is the vodka medicinal, too ? "

Films of the Day

The Anatomy of Crosby

By George Campbell

IF you want to be a film critic—and I know nobody who doesn't consider himself eminently qualified for this high office—you must be prepared for a number of difficulties, apart from those induced by caviare. Two of them are almost constant. Either films are so bad that they are hardly worth discussing, or they are so good that they run unchanged week after week, and the critic is gravelled for fresh matter. This week both afflictions are heavy upon me. Good or bad, most of the older pictures are being held over. The new ones are only semi-colossal, which in Hollywood is synonymous with lousy.

THE best, I think, is *Rhythm on the Range*, exploiting the talents of Bing Crosby. Torch-singers I cannot abide, but I have never been one of the more virulent haters of the male crooner, providing he happened to be reasonably tuneful, and unmistakably male. True, I have never been able to work up any enthusiasm for Rudy Vallee, whose name alone suggests a reminiscent mediocrity. (What would the fans of to-morrow think of a Ring Bosby or a Stark Cable ?) As for Dick Powell, I do not become suffused about the eyes or froth at the mouth, like some of my acquaintances, when his name crops up ; but I can say of him what the New England Puritans say of alcohol—I can take him or leave him alone.

MR. CROSBY is in another category, I fancy. To begin with (correct me if I am wrong) he seems to me to belong unmistakably to the male sex ; he has an excellent voice, strong, resonant and expressive, and not merely adequate to the needs of boop-boop-a-doopery ; and on top of all this he is by no means a bad actor. Add that he gives the impression of being a likeable, level-headed fellow, more or less unspoiled by the fan letters of under-educated, over-sexed morons, and it is not difficult to see why he has held his place in the public's esteem when others have made themselves ridiculous and dropped out of sight.

His achievement is the more creditable because, apart from his voice, he has no outstanding physical advantages. Only his mother could call him handsome, with his protruding ears, frightened eyes (faintly reminiscent of Hitler's, though otherwise the resemblance isn't striking), and expression of habitual melancholy. His shoulders slope almost as disconcertingly as Leslie Howard's, and he has a habit of standing with both arms bent and his hands drooping helplessly, which the maternally-minded probably find rather fetching. I just find it curious.

WHEN he first went to Hollywood his acting was rather embarrassingly amateurish. Lately he has improved out of sight. He is still not exactly a Leslie Howard or a Charles Laughton, but in his quiet, modest fashion, midway between Harold Lloyd and Buster Keaton, he is both competent and credible. He can convince you that the character really lives, even that the heroine finds his personality devastating—and that is something which Mr. Dick Powell cannot persuade me, despite a fan mail delivered each day in vans. Something of the same sincerity gets into Mr. Crosby's singing, giving a semblance of point and meaning to the worst banalities of what is called, by people who have never read the Elizabethans, lyric-writing.

IN *Rhythm on the Range* he is at the top of his form. The title suggests dire things—Bing as a two-gun killer, dropping bad men in their tracks, defying crooked sheriffs and rounding up rustler gangs single-handed. Be reassured—there is no gun-play, and the famous longhorn herds of Arizona are represented by one shorthorn bull, known as Cuddles. A most attractive animal he is, with a sympathetic eye, human little outbursts of irritation when a red scarf is waved, and a readiness to forgive and forget that speaks of a nice nature. The red scarf belongs to the heroine (Frances Farmer), who runs away from New York in the cattle car in which Mr. Crosby is taking Cuddles out West. All three sleep in the same vehicle, but as Mr. Crosby's interest is entirely in the welfare of Cuddles, the proprieties are never for a moment in danger, and the damsel is impressed but ungrateful. Three hoboes on the same train recognise the girl as an heiress and decide to kidnap her, but even this suggestion of melodrama peters out in comedy.

FOR the rest, *Rhythm on the Range* is a mildish love story, embroidered with singing of a vaguely Western character and interrupted by two comedians named Bob Burns and Martha Raye. Mr. Burns is swell. He is about six feet six, he has a heavy solemn face, an expression of unbroken gloom and a convincing Western accent that makes all his lines sound extraordinarily funny. I am looking forward to meeting Mr. Burns again.

Miss Raye, on the other hand, is extraordinarily unfunny. By her facial contortions, her writhings and the theatrical exaggerations of her technique, she reminds me of Bert Lahr and Joe E. Brown. Mr. Lahr made one picture and returned to his native Broadway ; Mr. Brown is still with us. Should Broadway reclaim Miss Raye too, she will take back my sincere wishes for a successful and indeterminate run.

" Rhythm on the Range," Bing Crosby's new film, is at the Carlton. He is only slightly a cowboy in it (the cow he is boy to is a bull called Cuddles) ; as a crooner he has his usual charm—" protruding ears, frightened eyes, expression of habitual melancholy," and all

Bing Crosby—Cowboy Crooner

Bob Burns is the six-foot-six comic success of the piece—" heavy, solemn face, expression of unbroken gloom, convincing Western accent," and a bazooka are the ingredients of his humorous make-up. He is from Arkansas, and new to films, recruited from broadcasting

Bob Burns—Cowboy Comedian

Tunbridge

Vivien Leigh in the Elizabethan "Fire Over England"

Fire Over England is Pendennis Pictures' first production, and they are starting with as big a splash as the beating-up of the Spanish Armada makes in the film. The screen play has been adapted by Clemence Dane and Sergei Nolbandov from A. E. W. Mason's best-seller about England under Elizabeth. Erich Pommer (who made *Metropolis* for Ufa, Marlene Dietrich's *Blue Angel* and *Congress Dances*) produces, James Wong Howe (*The Thin Man*) is camera-man-in-chief, and William K. Howard directs. Flora Robson is magnificently cast as the Queen; she played Elizabeth's half-sister on the stage last winter in the name-part of *Mary Tudor*. Vivien Leigh plays Burleigh's grand-daughter Cynthia, lady-in-waiting to Queen Elizabeth. *Fire Over England* is her first big film; she was signed by Korda for London Films (who present the Pendennis production) when she made her name overnight in *The Mask of Virtue* last year, and since then has played Jenny Mere in the Beerbohm fantasy, *The Happy Hypocrite*, and Anne Boleyn in the Regent's Park production of *Henry VIII*

Dancing to Summer's Tune

Like Gazelles They Play, Graceful and Vital, Because the Sun Shines and the Air is Buoyant with Sea Freshness

Photographs by Dr. Krōhn and Jan Lukas

Yurek Shabelevsky

A Premier Danseur of the de Basil Company

Photographs by Anthony

In "Danses Tziganes"

As the Slave in "Scheherazade"

This young Polish dancer is one of the most outstanding of the soloists of the de Basil company. He trained at a Warsaw ballet school, is in his mid-twenties, and has been with de Basil for five years, during which he has come steadily, season by season, into greater prominence. He has a definite talent for characterisation, and a most finished technique, combining a satisfying exactitude of movement and timing with tremendous agility. The Slave in *Scheherazade* is his most important part this year; he gives an exciting performance, making a wild, lithe, fawning creature, more animal than man, out of Zobeide's favourite. Among his other rôles are the Jailer in *Symphonie Fantastique*, the Vagabond in *Concurrence*, the Snob in *Boutique Fantasque*; he is highly popular as that grey-suited dandified gentleman

"Bystander" Short Story No. 51

The After-Dinner Speech

By S. P. B. Mais

DEAR SIR JOHN—

IN view of the very high honour that you have now paid me on three occasions to be the guest of honour at the annual banquet of your Worshipful Company, I feel that I owe it to you to confess my real reason for refusing now, in the past, and in the future.

It was, oddly enough, at the annual banquet of your own Company of Silk Throwers that the thing happened.

It was my first City banquet, and I was so overawed by the size of the women, the titles and decorations of the men, the splendour of the hall, with its oak panels, stained-glass windows, massive gilt plate, regimental band in the minstrel's gallery, and sonorous voice of the self-assured toastmaster, that I failed altogether at first to appreciate either the loveliness or the extreme nervousness of my right-hand neighbour.

My own long stretches of silence luckily passed unnoticed under the protection of a booming Canon who occupied the end of our table, and most of the conversation.

"Surely," he said very loudly, pointing to the toast list, "there's a mistake here. A marquess is 'most noble,' not 'most honourable'?"

I assented dumbly, in an effort to give the impression that my daily path was as thick with marquesses as a field is with daisies. . . . If that was typical City banquet conversation, I was doomed to be well out of it, and very uncomfortable.

My discomfort was increased by the arrival of caviare.

Furtively I watched my neighbour's hands to see how this (to me) unknown food should be conveyed to the plate and mouth, and how much one took. Was it like horse-radish sauce?

But, nervous and unobservant as I was, I could scarcely fail to miss the fact that my neighbour's hands were exquisitely delicate and trembling.

The reason for her nervousness could not be mine, because I elicited from her the fact that she was the Master's daughter, and her conversation, so far as the booming priest gave her a chance to talk at all, was easy. There was unquestionably something on her mind, but it had nothing to do with deportment.

She kept on glancing up at the young man who sat opposite to her with a smile that even I could scarcely misinterpret. It was mingled adoration and encouragement. His face interested me, because, in spite of the fact that his mouth was set in hard lines, it gave a general impression of indecision. Here, I remember thinking, was no leader of men. Why do lovely, ethereal creatures always fall for the feeble?

I was surprised to hear, from the girl, that her vis-à-vis was down to speak.

"At such short notice," she added, "that his name's not even on the programme. He's never spoken before, but he knows a good deal about the Silk Throwers, so father got him to speak. He's in father's office, you know."

But not—I couldn't fail to see from the way she said it—in father's good books.

So that was the reason for her trembling hand.

She wanted him to make a success of his speech. Well, if that was the type of man she liked, it was only one more proof of the inscrutable ways of women.

She had no eyes for me at all. I turned to my left-hand neighbour, the loquacious parson's partner.

She had a face like a horse, but lacked the horse's reticence. She began by being distant. She obviously shared her host's

(*Continued on page* 330)

Illustration by Stephen Spurrier, R.O.I.

"The young man didn't even finger his tie, pull down his waistcoat, or cough"

Less Cheerful Moment for the Landlady

The landlady (Louise Hampton):
"Oh, don't bother me!"

Spring Tide, by George Billam and Peter Goldsmith, is the incorrigibly optimistic play at the Duchess in which Louise Hampton is the landlady of a boarding-house full of indigent youth. In the course of three acts, three couples find prosperity and love—Nancy Hornsby and Barry Barnes, Mary Colley and Robert Eddison, Patricia Burke and Geoffrey Edwards; and Basil Radford as a share-pusher, rises into realms of figures which are to him colossal. Louise Hampton's performance is outstanding, and she is ably aided in her rôle of landlady-mother superior by Arthur Sinclair, oldest lodger, and by Arthur Hambling, naval odd-job man

He (Geoffrey Edwards): "Damn you!"

Old Care Lies

"Spring Tide" Drowns Him at the Duchess

Photographs by John Everard

Mr. O'Hara (Arthur Sinclair) to Barker (Arthur Hambling): "Admiral's tonsils? NO!"

Share-pusher's Dream Come True

Wrotherington (Basil Radford) gloats: "Twelve thousand, seven hundred and sixty-five pounds, eleven shillings and eleven pence three-farthings—aren't those figures terrific, gigantic, colossal!"

She (Patricia Burke): "Blast you—darling!"

A-Dying

More Cheerful Moment for the Landlady
The landlady: "Parties—that's what I'd like"

Posing Landlady to Sketching Boarder: "Call this a mug's game"

Barker and the Beer: "Just waiting for the signal, Sir"

The After-Dinner Speech *(Continued from page 327)*

taste in marquesses. But drink made her less distant, and more distasteful.

Under the influence of champagne she grew first arch, then coy, then boisterous. She began to try to talk her partner down.

I left them to it, and turned to study my lovely neighbour on my other side. She didn't notice whether I looked at her or not, and of her glowing eyes of periwinkle blue I caught only glimpses as she swept the table, half mechanically, for salt or pepper, swift as the flash of a kingfisher. But the soft silkiness of her corn-coloured hair made me think of Porphyria's lover. She had enough hair for one to strangle her with.

I liked her for using no make-up. The pink and white of her cheeks was her own.

I liked her for her boyish eager carriage. I could have asked no better partner had she not been so completely preoccupied with the young man across the table.

And then at last the speeches began.

I had looked forward to these, as the givers of them were all prominent men.

I had drunk enough, so I thought, to make even indifferent speeches sound good.

But I was wrong.

No amount of drink, other than that inviting complete oblivion, could have made those speeches tolerable.

The first speaker, the big-gun of the occasion, was a Canadian politician.

He began with a witticism.

"After my first speech," he began, "I asked my wife how I got on. 'You missed many opportunities,' she said. 'Opportunities?' I repeated. 'Of sitting down,' she said.

"I won't do that, Master, Wardens, My Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, Your Excellency, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen, I won't do that to-night."

He then proceeded to do it for twenty-five minutes.

He was for the most part inaudible, and when he was heard was either boringly statistical or facetiously foolish.

He was replied to by the Lord Mayor, who relied on two stories, both intricate and without point. He was even less audible.

My lovely partner grew more and more agitated as the time drew nearer for her young man to say his piece.

He could not, I thought, be worse than his forerunners.

But the girl, frightened for him, kept on looking round and scowling at the table behind, where some of the Silk Throwers, grown restive through overlong speeches, were drowning their discontent in drink and talking loudly.

"Sh-sh . . . Oh, sh!" repeated the girl, but much too low to make any impression on the rioters.

"If they won't even listen to a Judge, what chance has John?" I heard her say. She was obviously talking to herself.

At last it came to John's turn.

I felt very sorry for him. The guests, suffering under a surfeit of banalities from the famous, were too restive to endure silently any more from an unknown.

I could see the girl's lips framing the whisper, "Good luck, darling," as he rose to his feet.

"He won't even get the order of precedence right unless he hears me repeat it," she said.

But she was wrong. The young man didn't even finger his tie, pull down his waistcoat, or cough. He began slowly, letting each title have its full value of time, and each pause its due significance.

"Master, Wardens, My Lord Mayor, Aldermen, Sheriffs, Your Excellency, My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen.

"In calling upon you to drink the health of the Worshipful Company of Silk Throwers, I would beg you to separate in your mind the Company, and those whom the Company has thought fit to honour with its invitations to-night.

"Of the Right Hon. Vellum Leaf, I can only say that he must be the longest and toughest leaf of any tree in Canada. Judging from the little I heard of the Lord Mayor, he was wise to be inaudible. And while I do not, like the Chaplain to the Company who decorates the end of this table, call in question a Marquess's honour, I do think he would have shown a greater nobility in keeping silence. Conversation at this end of my table has run solely on this topic: Can a Marquess be both noble and honourable?

"In short, Master, I find it difficult to know why this assembly is here.

"It would be difficult to invent speeches of quite such uniform tediousness. Why should a man be allowed to inflict on a company in public banalities which no member of his family would tolerate from him at home?

"The food showed such a pitiable lack of imagination that everyone present could have told you the menu before he saw it.

"The champagne was only less flat than the speeches, and the only moment of relief that I have experienced in two hours was when your Chaplain helped himself to three cigars on the flimsy pretext that he doesn't drink. To him I would point out the Company's motto, which doubtless few of you have seen, and none of you can translate. It is 'decus tutamen.'

"To your Chaplain I would say with a query: 'Decus'? Oh, padre! 'Tut' and 'Amen.'"

He had them listening then, and he kept them listening to the end. He was quite brief, but he left no one unscarified.

It was a most brilliant tour de force, and it got the ovation it deserved.

Trading on the fact, which every dramatic critic knows, that men will always lend a ready ear to dispraise if you only give insolence full rein, he had them rocking with laughter, and banging on their tables with delight.

He certainly went to their heads all right, but their applause did not go to his head at all. He sat down as calmly as he had stood up, unsmiling, his face set.

I turned to look at the girl. How proud she must be. She needn't have got herself all twisted up in her apprehension about him. How oddly, I thought, she had misjudged him.

To my intense surprise, I saw that the pink had completely gone from her cheeks. She was deadly pale. Indeed, involuntarily I found myself getting ready to hold her in my arms so near was she to fainting.

Luckily, the show was nearly over.

In his reply, her father spoke in the warmest way of the young man's speech, describing it as a maiden speech worthy to rank with that of F. E. Smith in the House of Commons, prophesied a brilliant career for him, and only asked him to remember in the days of his greatness the Silk Throwers who had given him his first chance.

It was a very warm-hearted eulogy, and I looked to it to restore the pink in my neighbour's face. Perhaps she thought that her young man had gone too far in his banter, and overstepped the border of decorum.

As, indeed, he certainly had.

But the effect upon her of her father's speech was even less explicable than the other. A look of frozen horror now supplanted the fainting look. Obviously she couldn't believe her ears.

Something terribly wrong from her point of view had happened.

In a few minutes, the banquet ended, and the young man was surrounded by a crowd of the company hitting him boisterously on the back.

"Splendid effort, old man"; "By Jove, that's the sort of stuff"; "What a nerve"; "First-rate"; and so on.

I lingered a little, partly on account of my bewilderment, and partly because I found it difficult not to go on looking at the girl.

She was the loveliest thing I had ever seen, and in her distress looked even more lovely.

Her father came round and was even more flattering in private than he had been in public. He called the young man by his Christian name.

"John," he said, with one arm resting lightly on his daughter's neck and the other on the shoulders of the young man, "John, you saved the evening. You were tremendous. If there's anything you want, up to the half of my kingdom it's yours. Bring him along home, Alison, and let's hear his wishes."

What the young man would have said we never knew, for the girl, with a flash of fury, that was to me even more unexpected than any of her other moods, said:

"Don't be absurd, Father. Mr. Strudwick isn't Dick Whittington."

Suddenly she saw me, and without a second's hesitation added, "Mr. Robinson is bringing me home. I don't want to listen to any more speeches to-night."

With a curt nod of the head to the young man, she said: "Good-night, Mr. Strudwick, and my congratulations on your success." She then turned to me and said: "I'm ready."

I took the goods the gods had let fall into my lap, leaving a group of astonished people standing totally at a loss.

Having helped her into my car, I then asked:

"And now where? I don't know your address."

She managed to raise a ghost of a smile.

"And I only know your name from the menu list. I'm not going home. Anywhere, anywhere you like."

She sat bolt upright, biting her lips, obviously in doubt whether to tell me or not. I had nothing to say. I knew little of the caprices of women. But the tension had been too much for her.

She suddenly leaned forward and put her head between her knees and gave way to a paroxysm of tears.

I hadn't the slightest idea what to do. All I did was to think how lovely a thing was the nape of her neck, how shimmering and soft her hair.

I just drove on and on, out of London into the dark country roads, without having any idea either of direction or what to do.

Obviously she had to have her cry out, but it took longer than I should have thought it possible.

In the end she dried her eyes, and (I must have been hopelessly in love with her) she didn't even seem ugly with her face all wet and awry.

"Now you can take me home," she said.

Obediently and silently I turned the car.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"I know as little as you." I answered. It was the second sentence I had addressed to her since the beginning of dinner.

"Perhaps fifty miles out of London."

"I wish it were five hundred," came her unexpected reply.

I had no answer to that. There was silence for some time.

"You're being very patient with me," she said at last, looking up at me out of the corners of her eyes. She was now seeing me for the first time.

Again I had nothing to say. There was no point in my saying that it was easy to be patient with anything so lovely. You might as well say you were patient to smell a rose or watch a sunset.

(Concluded on page iv)

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Lenare

Military lines have returned to fashion, and are reflected in the ensemble on the right from the coat and skirt department at Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street. It is made of Shetland tweed, dyed a becoming shade called luggage brown. The narrow skirt is straight and the tunic coat slightly flared with wide shoulders. It is shaped to the waist and fastened with log-shaped buttons, while the stand-up collar may be worn with a contrasting scarf. Tweed suits are made to measure in these salons from 9½ guineas, while ready-to-wear they range from 5½ guineas. The materials are beautiful, and particularly a Scotch tweed in green and beige check, flecked with nasturtium red and yellow

Dinner and Dance

The summer season at Monte Carlo is in full swing, with all its gaieties and social functions. For gala nights beneath starlit skies, Mercia have created the charming "Felicity's" frock pictured above. It is expressed in white net appliquéd with satin butterflies in varying sizes, embroidered with silver thread. The full skirt spreads into graceful folds below the knees, while rippling frills cover the shoulders. A satin slip lends an added brilliance, the blue velvet sash introducing a pleasing touch of colour

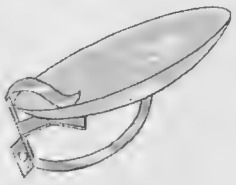
"Felicity's" frocks have been specially designed for the debutante or young girl just leaving school, who wishes to look grown-up without appearing too sophisticated. They are sold by all houses of prestige, but should there be any difficulty in obtaining them, application must be made to 75, Wells Street, Oxford Street. A simple dinner dress in navy blue poult is seen on the right. It is sprayed with bouquets of multi-coloured felt flowers, and is distinctly picturesque with its puff sleeves and square neck

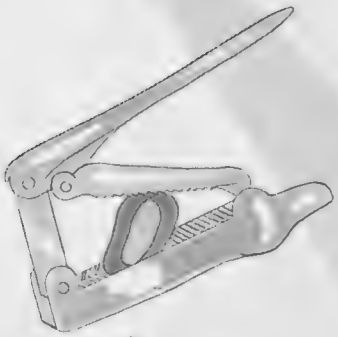
Lenare

DISCOVERED BY PETA PICTURED BY PAM

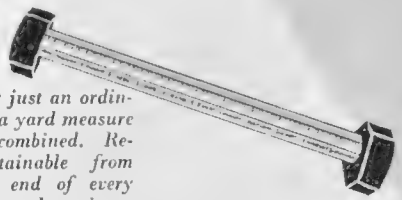
THE BYSTANDER TWINS IN SEARCH OF NOVELTIES

This patent clip for holding a cup or plate has been devised for motorists, and is particularly useful when picnicking, as it obviates the balancing-trick. It can be screwed into a wall or bracket, and only costs 1s. at Hill's, 4, Haymarket





A nut-cracker which operates easily and efficiently without breaking the shell into small fragments, is another household treasure to be found at Hill's. It is sketched on the left, and is worked by hand, the price being 3s. 9d.



No, this is not just an ordinary ruler, but a yard measure and calendar combined. Refills are obtainable from Hill's at the end of every year, which makes it a practical and inexpensive gift

The gaily-spotted triangular handkerchief above may be worn in two ways, either as an eye-shade, when it is tied round the head gipsy-wise, or as a scarf, with a cotton frock. It is available in several shades and may be seen at Harrods, Knightsbridge

An unusual vanity-case called the Royal Sceptre has recently made its debut at Revelation's. It is seen on the left, in gilt metal, and is divided into separate compartments for powder, rouge, cigarettes, and lipstick. A small purse for loose change is in the lid

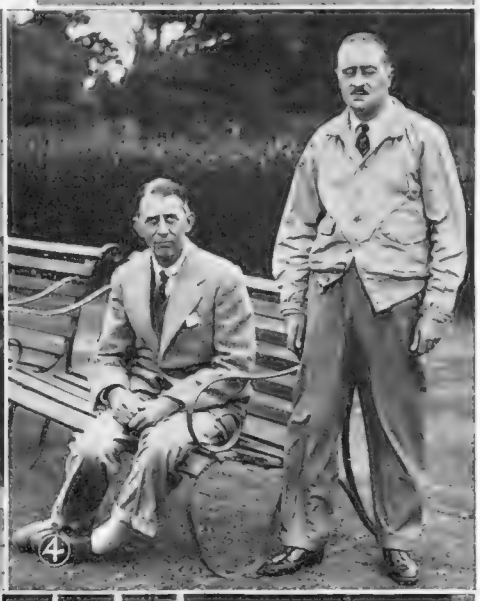
When buying dress-hangers, choose one to match your frock, with a divided bag for accessories such as stockings, gloves and shoes. Harrods have them in a variety of colours for 2s. 11d.

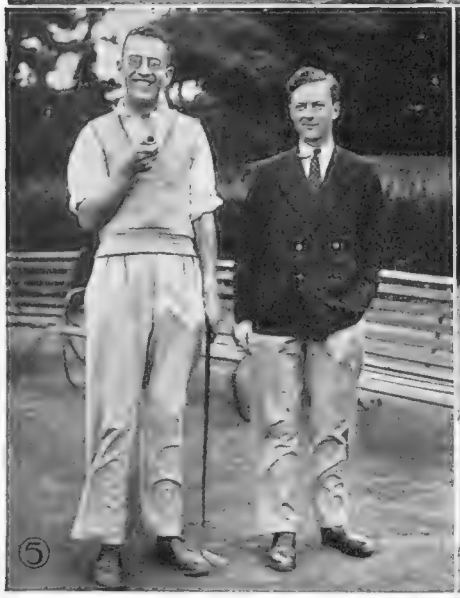
Like a miniature hat-box, this week-end case is designed for a man's collars. It is made of pigskin lined with moiré, and costs 12s. 6d. at Revelation's, 170, Piccadilly. A sliding fastener secures the lid

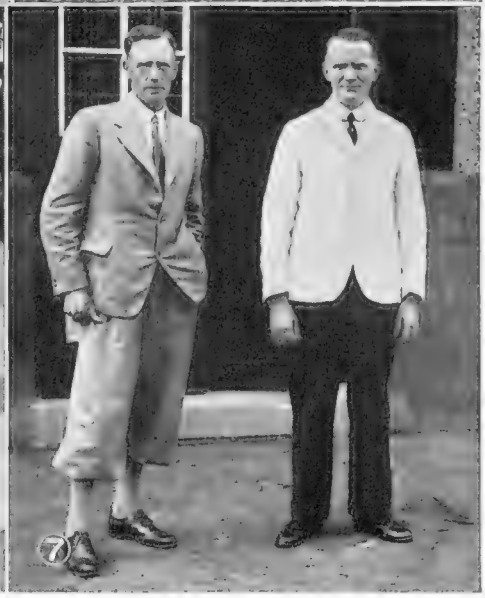
Golf Clubs at Home : Burnham and Berrow, Somerset

The Burnham and Berrow Club, at Burnham-on-Sea, was founded in 1890. It is a very striking tract of golfing country, being laid between large sandhills, and at this club the West of England Amateur Championship is played every year

(1) Lieut.-Col. W. F. R. Kyngdon, D.S.O. (secretary) and K. Whetstone (committee member). (2) R. B. Powell and H. M. Legassick (committee member). (3) Lieut.-Col. Paterson, D.S.O. and M. D. Mossman. (4) P. L. Foster and R. G. Mills. (5) W. R. Tomkinson and Lieut. P. A. Roche, R.N. (6) A. O. Wills and T. Powell. (7) A. R. Bradbeer (professional) and R. E. Herron (steward)







J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

Prestwick and Deauville

THE International matches between the four countries of Great Britain, which were played this year over the links of the Prestwick Golf Club, resulted in yet another win for Scotland. The results were: Scotland beat Wales by 8 matches to 4; beat Ireland by 7 matches to 6; and beat England by 7 matches to 6. England beat Ireland by 13 matches to 2, and beat Wales by 11 matches to 2, while Ireland beat Wales by 10 matches to 3. Scotland has finished in the first place every year since these matches were started in 1932, and has won outright every year except last year, when she had to share first place with both England and Ireland. In this series of matches Scotland has only lost one match—namely, her match v. Ireland at Royal Lytham and St. Annes last year, when she started very badly by losing four of the five foursomes, and finally failed to gain any advantage on the singles, which resulted in five wins to each side.

I AM glad to be able to write that we cannot, as we have been able to do in the past, blame the selectors of our team for our defeat. I do not think that the selectors could have chosen a better team (P. H. F. White is a schoolmaster, and consequently was not available), and the election of C. J. H. Tolley as captain was undoubtedly a wise move. Tolley did a very brave thing by playing himself top against Scotland, and I am sure he was perfectly right, and that he was the only man in the English team with any hope of beating the Amateur champion. He failed to do so, but I doubt if there is any golfer in the British Isles who would not have crumpled up under the golf which Thomson played on this occasion.

It is interesting that all the champions of the various countries, with the exception of E. D. Hamilton, the Scottish champion, met with defeats by very large margins; the reigning champions suffered defeats by 6 and 4 on one occasion, and by 5 and 4 on three occasions. Of all the players concerned, only F. Francis and L. G. Crawley won all their matches. Crawley—who should be, when this issue of the BYSTANDER appears, in mid-Atlantic with our Walker Cup team—did not play against Wales, as we apparently followed our previous stupid policy of giving our reserves a run, but as we won easily and as the reserves scored three points for their side out of a possible four, no harm was done.

FOR her deciding match v. England, Scotland played W. Campbell and J. Linsay in place of J. R. Hosie and R. Neill, and the newcomers contributed three points to England's score. I hope that the Scottish captain included these players with the idea of strengthening his team and not with the idea of giving his reserves a game against a team he was confident of beating. I was surprised to see Hamilton, the champion of Scotland and the Snails (it was Hamilton who was the chief cause of everyone behind him being kept back one day in the Amateur Championship), play fourth in the foursomes and sixth in the singles against England.

Although there is no rule about it, it is usual for the captain to play the champion top, and in the Walker Cup match at Sandwich some years ago the United States of America played Harrison Johnson top as he was the American champion, and Bobby Jones second. John Burke, who earlier in the year I suggested should be one of our Walker Cup team, was only beaten by one hole by Hector Thomson.

These matches should have given the members of our Walker Cup team just the right type of practice they required before their departure to Pine Valley. When this article appears they will have spent five of their ten days at sea, and I hope they know that the first five days are always the worst.

It seems to me unnecessary to keep at sea a team the majority of which consists of players who have never been on a long voyage before for ten days, when the voyage could be completed in five. The extra five days could surely be better spent in practice and in getting acclimatised than in sitting about a ship and possibly being seasick.

I HAVE known for some time, like everyone else, that a week-end's golf can be enjoyed in comfort and with ease on the Continent of Europe at Le Touquet in France, or Zoute in Belgium, but I did not know that it was possible to go as far afield for a week-end's golf as Deauville until I was asked by Gerard (better known to his friends as "Joe") Fairlie to play there for his side against a team got up by André Vagliano, who was the French Open amateur champion in 1925, and who has won the French Close Championship on numerous occasions. You can leave Waterloo about 9 p.m. and be in the Golf Hotel at Deauville about 7.45 the next morning. Unfortunately when we visited Deauville, owing to the large number of Bank Holiday passengers, our boat was late at Havre and we missed the boat which takes you across the mouth of the river from Havre to Deauville. We therefore proceeded by motor-bus, but were again unlucky, as the nearest ferries across the river were not working owing to strikes, and consequently we had to go a considerable way inland before we found a ferry which was willing to take us across.

ANDRÉ VAGLIANO'S team included, besides himself, M. Carlhian, the present French Open Amateur champion, and André Gobert, who captained the French team v. England at Deal this year, and several young golfers who all look like becoming really good players when they have had a little more practice and experience. Fairlie's team did not possess anyone as good as Carlhian is at the present time, but the members of it were an experienced well-balanced lot, and beat a team, which appeared superior on paper by 6 matches to 4, but the result might easily have been the other way, as several matches were extremely close and finished on the seventeenth and eighteenth greens.

The match consisted of one series of four-ball matches on the Saturday, four-ball matches on the Sunday morning, and foursomes on the Sunday afternoon; the teams were eight a side. Carlhian played extremely well both days; on Sunday morning he holed the short fifth in one, to the delight of friends and foes alike, and in the afternoon in a foursome with Vagliano as his partner, went out in 34, which no doubt delighted his friends but certainly not his foes. 34 out is very good going on the new course at Deauville in any conditions, and it was especially good on this occasion as the course was playing very long after a considerable amount of rain.

DURING the four-ball matches players were allowed at the same time to play medal rounds for a cup presented by the president of the club. The scratch prize over thirty-six holes was won by E. M. Prain, with scores of 75 and 76, which represented very sound golf for a man who did not know the course.

The Golf Hotel acts as the club-house (the course runs round it), and is extremely comfortable. The food is excellent, and the charges reasonable. Golfers can obtain special terms. At Deauville, besides the golf, there is horse-racing, polo, tennis, etc., and you can lose your money at the Casino in more comfort than in most casinos I have visited. Next time you are considering a week-end's golf on the Continent, you will not go far wrong if you give Deauville a trial.

Golfers Have Gathered at North Berwick

Lieut.-Gen. Sir Charles Grant and Miss Cecilie de Rothschild, Baron Robert de Rothschild's daughter, were golfing at North Berwick. Sir Charles Grant, who was in the Coldstream Guards, is the new G.O.C. of the Scottish Command

Captain Edward FitzRoy, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Miss Speir were also amongst numbers of socialite-golfers (more still on page 342) who fled to the excellent North Berwick course from August-time London

Left: Lord Portarlington was in Mr. Tom Burrel's party at Amulree. Walking up the hill with him are Mr. Gordon Miller, Mr. Douglas and Mr. Finlay

Lord Portarlington Rides Up a Perthshire Hill

Colonel Heyworth Savage

Washed his hands before lunch. He was shooting over Ramsgill in Yorkshire, with Lord Illingworth

The First

Shooting on the Scotland and in

Mid-Morning Halt on Another Perthshire Hillside

Above: Mr. Sandy Reid Scott, Mr. A. Manassei, Mr. Robin Lyle, Mr. Michael Lyle, and Sir Archibald Lyle were shooting over Riemore. Sir Archibald Lyle's place is Glendelvine, near Murthly

Left: Lord and Lady Illingworth were changing films in Lady Illingworth's camera. The first day over Ramsgill, Lord Illingworth's Yorkshire shoot, produced two hundred brace of grouse

Miss Dorothea Lyle and Her Peke

Miss Dorothea Lyle is Sir Archibald Lyle's only daughter. She and her Peke were out on the Twelfth on the Riemore Moor

Four Guns for Inverness Grouse

Dr. J. Simpson, Captain W. J. Mainwaring, Mr. Donald Walker, and his father, Mr. F. W. Walker, made up this front line of guns. Mr. F. W. Walker was the host, and the place was Leys Castle, in Inverness-shire

American Invasion

Miss Ruth Bedford is the younger daughter of Mr. Fred Bedford, of New York, who is shooting this season at Cortachy Castle, Angus

Grouse

Twelfth in Yorkshire

Yorkshire Again

Captain Tom Dugdale, M.P., and Lord Swinton were on their way in to lunch after the first morning's shooting over Lord Swinton's Masham moors

In an Angus Butt

Vice-Admiral the Hon. William Leveson-Gower went over from Glamis to shoot with Mr. Fred Bedford over Tarriebuckle moor. His wife, Lady Rose Leveson-Gower, is the Duchess of York's sister

Lord and Lady Monsell

Lord and Lady Monsell were guests of Lord Swinton's for the Twelfth, which in Yorkshire was a dry day but very windy

Right: Yorkshire grouse get to London in time for lunch on the Twelfth—nice and fresh but extremely expensive

They Flew to London

Harper's Marathon Finish

Left: the famous long-distance Finns only took fourth and fifth places in the Marathon won by K. Son (Japan) in a record time of 2 hr., 29 min., 19.2 sec. Edward Harper came in splendidly two minutes behind him to get second place for Britain; he also broke the record

The British 1600m. Relay Team

A. G. K. Brown, Godfrey Rampling, W. Roberts, and Fred Wolff, standing by the microphone in their sweat-suits with Olympic wreaths in their hands, broadcast to England after winning the 4/400 metres relay by two seconds from America. Apart from Whitlock's walk, not strictly on the track, this was the first track event won outright by Great Britain

Summer Sport

Edited by Howard Marshall

Berlin, August 12th.

WELL, the main events in the Olympic Games are over. Now we go chasing boxers and swimmers and footballers all across Berlin.

Let me say right away that I think it is wrong to include anything but the athletic events in the Olympic Games.

Boxing, football and such-like auxiliary sports inevitably seem to lead to trouble. Already Peru have withdrawn from the Games because of trouble during their Soccer match with Austria. The story is an old one now—how excited spectators invaded the field of play, and one passionate gentleman drew a gun, and another assaulted a player. All very stupid and unfortunate.

THEN there have been boxing incidents. Yesterday, Wally Pack, the British welterweight champion, was butted into defeat by a German, and the Italian referee did not intervene. The unfortunate Pack finished up with a deep gash over one eye, and now the American and French boxing teams are threatening to withdraw in sympathy with the British boxers.

Naturally, rumour and partisanship cause these incidents to be wildly exaggerated, and the tension in the boxing hall, the screaming prejudice of different groups of supporters, strikes me as very unhealthy. More unfortunate still is the fact that trouble in these auxiliary sports is reflected upon the Games as a whole, and may easily bring them into disrepute.

ACTUALLY the athletic events at the Stadium itself were wonderfully free from disagreement or ill-feeling of any kind. The meeting was singularly happy, and can only have resulted in an increased friendliness among the athletes of the fifty competing nations. It is, I think, important to remember this, for there is certain to be criticism and argument.

CRITICISM, indeed, will take many different shapes. Even now, sweltering in the sudden summer heat of Berlin, we have to contend with the theory that Great Britain showed an unfortunate decline in both morale and physique. This is absurd, to my mind. Great Britain did well enough. The triumph of Wolff, Rampling, Roberts and Brown in the 1600 metres relay was magnificent. Harper's effort in the Marathon, when he ran second to Son of Japan, was an outstanding performance. D. O. Finlay, second in the 110 metres hurdles, equalled the old world's record time. And if we may include Jack Lovelock of New Zealand among British athletes, his performance in setting up a new world's record for the 1500 metres was the finest individual effort of the Games. If Brown had not drawn the outside lane in the 400 metres, he might have won that, and Whitlock did win the 50-mile walk.

NOT such a poor showing, after all, and it was accomplished by men who have not yet carried specialisation to fantastic lengths. Some of the other nations have prepared with almost religious solemnity for

World Champion of Light Athletics

Glenn Morris (U.S.A.) won the Decathlon (composite match of ten events) and became world champion of light athletics—richly deserved title after his fine performance; he won 7900 points, beating R. Clark (U.S.A.) by almost 300 points. Another American, J. Parker, came third

Olympic Diving Board

The American 400m. Relay Team

The U.S.A. 4/100 metre relay team flashed over the course with Jesse Owens to give it an explosive start, winning by a distance and equalling the American Los Angeles record of 40 sec. They are in the order they ran : Owens, Ralph Metcalfe, F. Draper, and F. Wykoff (who ran in the 1932 American team)

13-Year-Old Winner

Marjorie Gestring, who is only thirteen, won the spring-board class of the women's diving for the U.S.A., almost a point ahead of Miss K. L. Rawls (U.S.A.). Miss D. Poynton, also American, came third, Frl. Daumerlang (Germany) fourth, and Miss B. Slade, the highest placed of the British finalists, ninth

the Games. The Japanese distance runners, for example, spent three months in Finland, under the daily supervision of the great Paavo Nurmi. The Germans practised with a thoroughness typical of them as a nation. Certainly the Germans did well, but they could not win any track events. Their success lay in throwing hammers and weights, forms of athletics where scientific training and intensive study makes the difference.

THEN we must remember the extraordinary performances of the American negroes. Owens, Metcalfe, Woodruffe, Johnson and Meadows between them swept the board in the sprints and jumps. Doctors say that the negroes have physical qualities which give them an advantage over the white man. They have greater spring, and better body balance. To see Jesse Owens running suggests that there is something in this theory. He is so beautifully smooth—there is no waste of effort, nothing but the perfect application of rhythmical power.

AGAIN, Owens in the long jump was extraordinary. At the second jump, Long of Germany tied with him, and the immense crowd roared with delight. Owens grinned, and without any trouble jumped a whole foot further. Then, when he had won with ease and created a new record, he jumped again for the photographers, and landed comfortably beyond the pit made by his own feet in the winning jump. I hardly like to suggest how far he could have jumped had he been pressed.

Owens says that in future he intends to run 400 metres. If he does, he will smash more world's records.

THE extraordinary thing about all this record breaking in Berlin is that the conditions were never favourable. We had rain and wind, and cold which really upset many of the competitors. Still the records went, and I suppose we have not yet nearly reached the limits of man's physical prowess.

Degener the Diver

D. Degener (U.S.A.) won the men's springboard dive from two of his compatriots, Wayne (2) and Greene (3) beating the former by four points

THESE Games have been an extraordinarily interesting experience. The German organisation was remarkable, and I wish it were possible to find out how much money Germany has spent on this Olympiad. I have questioned many people, most of them responsible officials, and their estimates vary from ten to thirty million pounds. Perhaps it has proved worth while. Berlin, thronged with visitors from every country in the world, has been a fine advertisement for the German nation. We shall return home, all of us, with a very real respect for Germany, whatever our political opinions may be.

She Jumped Five Feet Three Inches

Dorothy Odam was second with 1.60 m. in the women's high jump, the same height reached by Frl. I. Csak (Hungary) and Frl. F. Kaun (Germany). In the jump-off she repeated her height, which Frl. Kaun failed to do, but Frl. Csak managed to clear 1.62 m., and so won

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

A Wilfred Ewart Discovery : By Alan Thomas

THE stray bullet which struck down Wilfred Ewart on a hotel balcony in Mexico City on New Year's Eve, 1922, deprived us of one of our most promising young writers. He had but a few novels to his credit, among them *Way of Revelation* and *Scots Guard*, but they were enough to show his pre-eminence in what may be called the literature of atmosphere. And now, nearly fourteen years after his death, appears *Love and Strife* (Richards ; 7*s.* 6*d.*), the manuscript of which was discovered last November among the author's unpublished writings. It is less a novel than a series of scenes in the life of Michael Urquhart. We see him first just before the war, as a diffident, impressionable youth, falling in love with a handsome, worldly-wise, married woman of twenty-seven, who cast a flirtatious eye upon him because she happened to be bored, and quickly discarded him the moment she found better hunting. "He had lost an Illusion. But he had gained an Experience." He was caught on the rebound by the war, and the main part of the book is taken up with descriptions of war incidents in France and at home. But it is in the final chapters that Wilfred Ewart's powers as a creator of atmosphere reach high-water mark. Nothing could be better than the pictures he gives us of the old English manor-house, "where in half a century nothing — absolutely nothing — had changed," and of the English countryside where, at last, the war-scarred warrior found rest and salvation. Passages like these come within range of that poetic beauty which is the essence of great literature. Indeed, if I were rash enough (which Heaven forbid !) to draw up a list of modern authors whose names would be remembered and whose works would be read, say, a hundred years hence, Wilfred Ewart, notwithstanding his slender output, would be one of them.

HILLEL BERNSTEIN, author of *L'Affaire Jones*, calls his new book *Choose a Bright Morning* (Gollancz ; 6*s.*). The title is a cheery one, and Low says of the book that he laughed so much that he couldn't sleep. So I chose a wet morning and settled down. I, too, laughed, but I doubt whether it was really the humorous side of this novel that kept Low awake. It is a satire on Nazi Germany. Keets Wilbur, a wealthy American, arrives in Bidlo for the dedication of a statue he has presented in honour of that country's hero, Winsatz. The project, however, threatens to miscarry, and in his endeavour to set matters right, Keets improves his scant knowledge of Heroism and its ways. There is the Hero himself, who combines in his own person the virtues of Jason, Hercules, Siegfried, Ulysses, Beowulf and St. George. There is Brunsatz, the Minister of Propaganda, a truly captivating personality. "I want one hundred thousand heroes on the parade ground," he once remarked, "and I want every one of them to be thinking of pork chops." The parade was held, and, sure enough, no matter what question was asked, the heroic answer came pat every time : "Pork chops"—save in one case, when a hero who was "confused in his thinking" replied that he was hungry. "He will never be hungry again," observed Brunsatz. "Even our little children," he went on ; "you should hear them sometimes, after we have decided to impress something on them. Ask some of them if they want a stick of candy. 'I do not want a stick of candy,' the little ones will reply, 'I want a big navy with 18-inch guns. I want poison gas for our enemies.'"

There are also the dragons. As Brunsatz explains, "We must keep on striking all the time." And dragons are plentiful. They range from Jews, Communists and Catholics, to French millinery, Italian lemons, and the heavy rainfall which had interfered with a parade. Thus Keets Wilbur's education proceeds until he realises that even though the people of Bidlo are in a strait-jacket, they have not had *all* the intelligence clubbed out of them. The book ends with some home truths on the subject of capitalism.

Choose a bright morning, by all means, and there won't be a dull moment. But you will laugh, if you do laugh, only that you may not weep.

MR. F. S. SMYTHE can write as easily as he can climb mountains. That, at all events, is the impression left with me after reading his latest book, *Over Tyrolese Hills* (Hodder and Stoughton ; 12*s.* 6*d.*). It describes a traverse of the Eastern Alps from Bludenz in the west, to Zell am See in the east, made in the summer of 1935, and the narrative is supplemented with some lovely photographs. I never had much of a head for climbing myself, and have never regretted the fact so much as when I was reading some of Mr. Smythe's descriptions. But—to be truthful—what really attracted me was less the excitement and dangers which he and his companion experienced, than the state of mind and body induced by mountaineering. "In the evening you sit at peace over your glass of wine in some little inn, content to know the pleasant langour of fatigue," and "worries great and small are eliminated from the mind." Not that this is a book exclusively for climbers. From the mountain-tops Mr. Smythe dispenses wisdom—he does it very modestly—on Austria's political problems, which are no less slippery than her glaciers. Some of his suggested solutions for the Austrian problem—the re-establishment, for instance, of international free-trade and the restoration of the German-speaking portion of South Tyrol to Austria—may smack a little of the simplicity which, as he says, is the keynote of true travel. How are they to be realised ? All I can suggest is that the statesmen and dictators of Europe should be compelled to take a course of mountaineering, preferably under Mr. Smythe's supervision. Then, indeed, we might lift up our eyes with some confidence unto the hills from whence cometh our help.

A GOOD book to dip into for the spare half-hour is *My Most Exciting Story*, published by Faber and Faber at 7*s.* 6*d.*, a collection of twenty stories by twenty different authors. Like witches round a cauldron, each writer throws in his own particular ingredient—a dash of international intrigue from Mr. A. E. W. Mason, a spot of suspense from Mr. C. S. Forester, some Near Eastern savagery from Mr. Sax Rohmer, and equally stimulating morsels from such expert purveyors of excitement as Francis Beeding, Victor Bridges, Dennis Wheatley and Valentine Williams. Such a bubbling mixture should not be swallowed at a gulp. A twentieth part every night will be quite sufficient.

Poole, Dublin

Mrs. Vincent Sheehan

Mrs. Vincent Sheehan was Diana Forbes-Robertson (Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson's fourth daughter) before she married the American author last year. Their baby daughter, Linda Susan, was born three months ago. They have settled in Ireland for the moment, at Hamwood House, Dunboyne, which they have taken from Colonel Hamilton. Vincent Sheehan's last book, "San Felice," was published in the spring

This England . . .

WHEN MAN left the road and took to the rail, the life of the highways was stilled. Grand old inns that were as busy as ports fell slowly into somnolence. And then the life of the roads came back. Gone the jingle of harness and shouting of grooms —but once again the call of the traveller for good food and drink. And the fare they serve is as fine as that which made them famous of old. The Worthington you sip there now is as good a beer as their cellars ever held — made in the same tradition, served and quaffed in the same surroundings, by their ancestors and yours.

Women's Golf

St. Andrews and Elsewhere

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

WHAT sentimental creatures we Britishers are, always cheering on the under-dog, or dropping a silent tear over his sorrows. It doesn't matter whether one sits heart-wrung at *The Tale of Two Cities*, sympathy for the down-trodden peasants oozing from every eye; or watches from afar Miss Dorothy Pearson's lone and forlorn attempt to be the one woman qualifier in the open tournament over the New and Eden courses at St. Andrews; or from near-by the palpably out-played Miss Newell pounded by Miss Barton in the final of the Championship—we instantly feel sorry for the loser.

Even a mere clerical department who told me over the telephone that Miss Pearson had failed to qualify sounded sorry about it, and tried to soften the news by remarking that everybody was not in yet. As it was then getting towards the hour when the "second news bulletin" makes the unmusical switch on, the mere fact of uncertainty set me thinking of St. Andrews. Yes, of course, though here in London lamps had been on for upwards of an hour, it would still be light enough to see the flags fluttering there. Hopeful souls not battling to qualify, but merely getting air and exercise after the day's work, would still expect to finish their round on the Old Course in comparative daylight. That is always a vivid impression of St. Andrews—couples coming in from a round before so much as the early cup of tea has encouraged you to get up in the morning; and more couples—or they might be the same—still coming in when the ten o'clock cup of tea, which completes the perfect day so pleasantly, is sending you off to bed again.

Miss Esmond and Baron de Freundstein

Another golf engagement was announced in Paris last month between Miss Lulu Esmond, who has played for France, and Baron Geoffroy de Waldner de Freundstein. Miss Esmond is the youngest daughter of M. and Mme. Eduoard Esmond. The picture was also taken at North Berwick

THE place, naturally, has many other memories for any golfer. For me they are mainly of the first Championship I ever played in, and the electrifying personality of Miss Cecil Leitch, aged seventeen; of *Eve* foursomes, when I, being somewhat newer to the job than now, felt overwhelmed at the idea of dealing direct with the Royal and Ancient over starting times and other details of organisation, having been brought up to regard that body with respect amounting almost to reverence; of that amazing final when Miss Wethered, after being five down after nine holes to Miss Glenna Collett, lunched three down, and won by 2 and 1; a final made somewhat extra difficult for us to see because I had been fool enough to fall heavily off a horse when I ought to have been making the most of golfing opportunities on one of the courses, or at the feet of somebody who knew how they should be played. What is my own private opinion of the course, somebody asks me. To which I answer: "Never you mind."

NOW we are, so to speak, thinking North of the Tweed, perhaps you would like to be reminded that entries for the Longniddry Golf Gala, open mixed foursomes, 14th to 18th September, close on September 1st; but entries for all the other events will be taken on the ground. What must, it seems, be sent quickly, is application for rooms at Gosford House, the hotel which has been established in Lord Wemyss's fine old home. The 20th August is given as the latest day for booking there. I have never, by the way, and so far as recollection serves, had a notice of an open meeting before which included the words, "Private Landing Ground 400 yards from the Hotel." No doubt such an intimation (haven't I grown Scotch!) will soon be a commonplace; as yet it still merits notice as suggesting the last word in modernity.

WEST SUSSEX G.C. has its own landing-ground as part of the course, and I am wondering how many daughters will persuade their fathers to go there by air for the Fathers and Daughters Open Tournament under handicap, which is to be played there September 3rd, 4th and 5th. Probably all the youngest of them would greatly prefer that way of getting there, but, after all, the great thing will be to arrive somehow, and I have a notion that a good many fathers will look on it as a fine last chance of imparting parental advice before the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges the following week. I hear that Diana Stephens and her father, for instance, will be competing, and I should be much surprised if Sheila Stroyan and hers were not what the sporting correspondents call "well to the fore." Not that handicap will treat them kindly; there are only a few older pairs who can save them from being back-markers.

TALKING of the Girls': I wonder what everybody will think of the decision to seed the draw? So far as British women's scratch events go, it is an experiment, though carried out with success and approval in this year's BYSTANDER Scottish Foursomes. The reason is that this year, amongst a great many most welcome new-comers, there are a few outstanding old-comers, whom it would be disastrous to see drawn against each other in the first round. What would be the satisfaction to long handicaps who arrived in the prize list if they felt that they had done so merely because the tigers had cut each others throats in a bunch early on? So the possibility is to be eliminated.

Last year's winner is ineligible to defend her title, as she is now nineteen, but the runner-up and both semi-finalists must obviously be seeded, and to them will be added the five next lowest handicaps. A draw will decide what time each of these will have, each in a separate eighth of the draw, and then everybody else will be drawn as before. We can but see how it answers. What is tried this year is not irrevocable for another, should it prove unpopular.

I had meant to tell you about the Southerndown Open Scratch Mixed Foursomes Tournament on September 11th, 12th and 13th; and the Central England one under handicap limited to 20 joint, September 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th at Woodhall Spa, but space is gone. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

A Golf Engagement

Mr. Alexander Gordon-Lennox and Miss Barbara Steele, who were golfing at North Berwick when this photograph was taken, have announced their engagement. He is the late Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox and Lady Bernard Gordon-Lennox's second son, and a grandson of the seventh Duke of Richmond; she is the daughter of the late General Julian Steele and Mrs. Steele, of 58, Pont Street

Girls' Championship

AS an experiment, for this year the Girls' Championship entries will be seeded. That is to say, last year's runner-up, the two semi-finalists, and the five other lowest handicaps who enter will be drawn in the eight different sections of the draw, to avoid their meeting in the early rounds

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By Air to America

By Charles Ward

Atta-Atlantic

PLANS for the regular air service across the North Atlantic are taking shape. Passengers and mails will be carried by British aircraft at least twice a week, with an equivalent service to be operated by the Americans. The British company will be a joint concern, in which the Irish Free State, Newfoundland and Canada share the expense and responsibilities. Two stages will precede bookings for passengers—a series of survey flights, and secondly, a mail service. The shortest route from England to America is viâ Ireland and Newfoundland, but this line involves bad flying weather for many months in the year. From the other side there is a prevailing wind to aid the crossing by as much as 30 miles an hour, and conversely, to reduce speed from this end by the same amount. A cruising speed of 150 from America becomes a ground speed of 180, and on the return trip it is only 120 miles an hour. Fog over Newfoundland and low clouds with mist over Ireland add further complications to regular operation. That all such natural difficulties will be overcome there is no doubt, but in the early stages flights will be made viâ Bermuda during the winter.

Four Schemes

No one knows the most reliable or most practical method for the Atlantic crossing by air. Pioneer flights have been made mostly by land-plane, ignoring the risks of dropping in the "ditch" and relying entirely on the engine, accurate navigation, and petrol capacity. We have four schemes under consideration for the near future. First of all, one or more of the Short Empire flying-boats is being fitted with long-range tanks, so that non-stop journeys of 3000 miles can be made with safety. The second string is the Mayo seaplane to be launched from the back of another of the flying-boats. Then de Havillands are building two fast land-planes of the super Comet type. These are low-winged monoplanes to be called the "Albatross," with a retractile under-carriage and powered by four of the new Gipsy Twelve engines. Sixteen hundred horse-power is expected to maintain an easy cruising speed of 200 miles an hour, with a maximum of 250. These will be the fastest of the experimental types and will be used most probably for the direct crossing from London to New York. Finally, the Air Ministry is experimenting again with catapult launching-gear and also with refuelling in the air. Extensive trials of the latter have been made by Sir Alan Cobham, following up the attempts he made some time ago to perfect this method for a long-distance record.

Who Goes There? A "Gauntlet" pilot at Biggin Hill waiting for the signal to attack. His fighter, one of those used for the defence of England, can climb to 30,000 feet, and cruises at more than 200 miles an hour

Across the Line

THE organisation of a route to South America is not being entirely neglected, though Imperial Airways will not be interested for the time being. Several tenders are being studied by the Government, the most important of which is that submitted by the new combine of British Airways and British Continental Airways. The line will be considerably longer than that to Canada and the States. It includes linking England with West Africa, a two-thousand-mile hop across the ocean and an undetermined distance on the other side, according to what agreements can be secured from the Latin-American countries. The ocean journey is a fair-weather route, but on the other hand, it does not follow a regular steamship route as is the case over the North Atlantic. From England to West Africa the obvious method of operation is by flying-boat to Gibraltar, after which the coast line of the French and Spanish colonies would be followed to one of our own Colonies. On the South American side either an overland or an oversea route would be equally practical. Pan-American Airways use flying-boats down the whole of the coast to Buenos Aires, but there are French and German land-plane lines running in parallel. Apart from British Guiana and the West Indies, our interests lie mainly in Brazil, the Argentine, Chile, and Peru, where hundreds of millions of British capital is invested.

At Heston

JERSEY AIRWAYS broke records over the August Bank Holiday week-end, carrying nearly 500 passengers, which is an increase of more than thirty per cent. over the total for the same period last year. An interesting point is that the outgoing traffic exceeded that coming in by only twenty-two passengers, from which it can be assumed that the majority made the journey for the week-end only, a few remaining behind for a longer stay. Amongst the passengers was H.H. the Maharajah Kumar of Cutch, who flew over with several friends to spend some weeks at a Jersey hotel. Private charter business has been brisk with Birkett's. Commandant Mary Allen, head of the Women's Police, flew to Berlin by taxi with another member of the Force. Lord Avebury made a business flight viâ Amsterdam to Oslo and Stockholm. Lord Dufferin and Lord Feversham have been using aircraft as ferries between race meetings and London.

What's On

(Continued from page D)

SPORT

In and Out of Town

TO-DAY, 19TH: England v. All-India, Oval (last day); Torbay Regatta (till 26th).

THURS., 20TH: Ryde and Herne Bay Regattas open.

FRI., 21ST; Hurst Park meeting (two days).

SAT., 22ND; Teddington Rowing Regatta.

SUN., 23RD: Lympne international flying meeting.

DANCING AND DINING

CARLTON.—No cabaret, but August dancing to John Stevens' Keyboarders: extension, Tuesday.

DORCHESTER.—The international cabaret is as gay as ever, and the turns are excellent; Jack Jackson's band: extension, Thursday.

FLORIDA CLUB.—This remains open during August, and evening dress is optional; Nina Mae McKinney sings at 2 a.m.

GARDENIA RESTAURANT.—Outdoor and indoor dancing and dining in Park Lane; there 's a Gaucho band.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The restaurant is open for food only.

LONDON CASINO.—The Folies de Femmes cabaret is mammoth, and plays during dinner and supper; Jack Harris makes music (two bands).

MAY FAIR.—The Jardin Fleuri cabaret includes Edward Cooper with his "Songs, Old and New"; Joe Kaye's band: extension, Friday.

NEW CLARGES.—Here you eat and talk—there 's no music or dancing; the food and wines are excellent.

PRUNIER'S.—Fish foods are the specialities, but you can eat what you please; the wine list is also excellent; no music.

QUAGLINO'S.—Cabaret at midnight. Van Straten's band plays and there 's the copper floor: extension, Wednesday.

RITZ.—Cabaret and band have an August holiday, but you can still eat here.

SAN MARCO.—Nina Mae McKinney has a nice way of singing; Maurice Winnick's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

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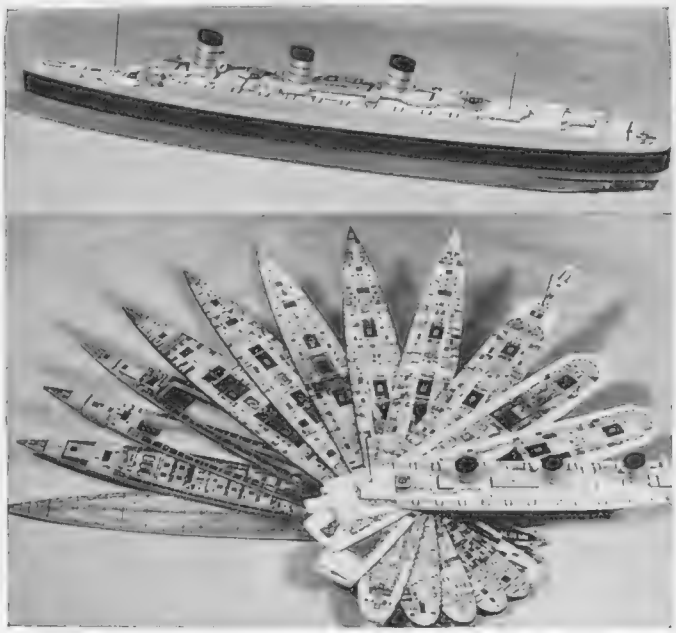

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The After-Dinner Speech

(*Continued from page 330*)

"You must be wondering what it's all about," she went on.

This did call for a reply.

"I find wondering," I said, "an unprofitable pursuit."

"You don't exactly invite confidences," was her answer to that.

"If you've anything you want to tell me," I said, "let it be for your sake, not mine."

"You don't want to know anything about me?" she said, obviously nettled.

"I didn't say so."

She couldn't resist that. She had to tell me.

I didn't mind what she did so long as she was there. I drove much more slowly.

"You realise that I was desperately in love with him."

"Was?" I repeated.

She tossed her head in contempt. It was only then that I saw how young she was—eighteen at the outside.

"Of course. You don't suppose I'd do it after that?"

"You're telling me nothing," I said. "You're only being cryptic. Do what? And what is 'that'?"

"It's because you're not really interested; only being polite."

I wasn't going to let her see how interested I was.

"Go on," I repeated. "Do *what*? And what is 'that'?"

"We were going to elope to-night," she said, and started crying again.

"To-to-think where-where . . . I . . . am—and—where-I-might-have-been."

"I am not accusing you," I said, "of being polite. Why didn't you elope if you wanted to?"

"After that speech? Having had the guts to stand up against father, to come away with me without a penny, because father'd have cut me off all right, to lose his job and all prospects for my sake—and then to ruin it all by making that speech, smarming everybody all round, buttering everybody up, and toadying to everybody like that—it's—it's——"

I interrupted her before she could find the appropriate word.

"'Smarming,' 'buttering' and 'toadying' are hardly the epithets I should have applied to his speech. I have seldom heard a ruder young man."

"And haven't you the sense to know that nothing in the world goes down so well as rudeness?"

It was hardly the occasion to remind her how excellent was the headway I was making with her through rudeness.

I let her go on.

"And I believed him when he said he was willing to starve in the gutter with me."

"And now that he looks like being the apple of your father's eye, and you can marry him at leisure with everybody's approval, and keep your comforts as well, you won't have him."

"Of course I won't. When I marry, I propose to marry the man for himself, and for no other reason."

She looked up at me for approval.

I gave her none.

"You're a romantic little fool," I said. "Marry me!"

It was some five years later, on my return from my third flight over Central Asia, that I was the guest of honour of your Company.

I had had a hard time, and got through alive by the merest chance. The experience had made me forget a little the behaviour of my fellow men at home.

As I was the guest of honour, I somehow imagined that they would be interested.

My throat has never fully recovered after the treatment I had with the bandits after my crash in Kolichar, and my nerves had been badly shaken.

I spoke, through enthusiasm, too long, and through my disabilities haltingly and harshly.

The face of the speaker to follow me was vaguely familiar. A young criminal lawyer, with a hard, set mouth, but an odd, indecisive look about him.

He was gorgeously funny at my expense, imitated my mannerisms and spoke with just my guttural harshness.

He picked out the few native words that I had to use, and gave a perfect parody of my flight with an account of a flight that he had undertaken over Central Essex and a crash he had at Roding St. Margarets.

The audience who had talked loudly while I was making my speech, shook with delight at his sallies.

And suddenly I caught on my wife's face exactly that note of mingled adoration and encouragement as she watched him that she had worn on the night that she promised to elope with him.

It was, after all, only a postponement.

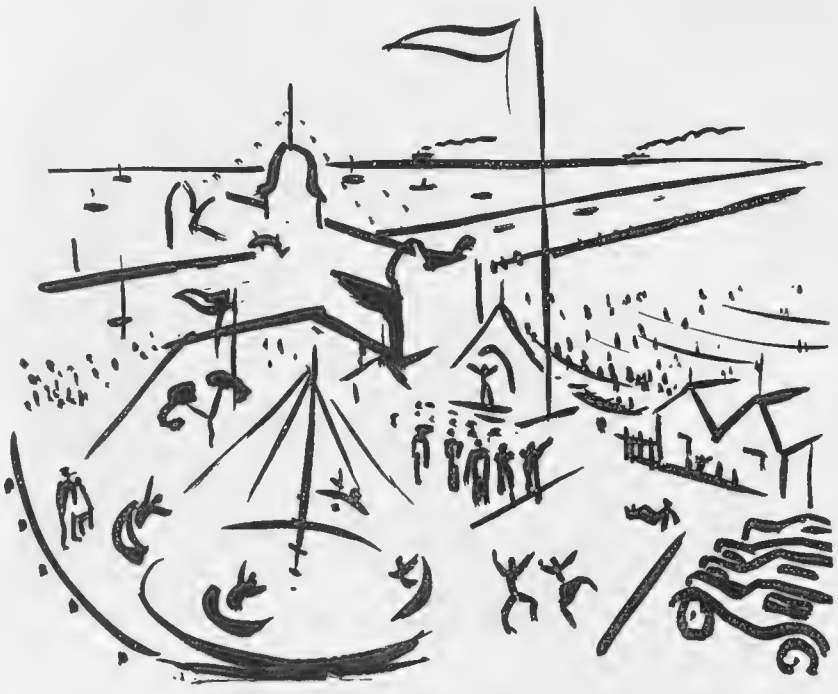
That night she did elope with him.

THAT, Sir John, is the reason why I find myself unable to accept invitations to your banquet.

I owe my wife to a City banquet, and I owe the loss of my wife to a City banquet.

I find that I do not like banquets.

THE END

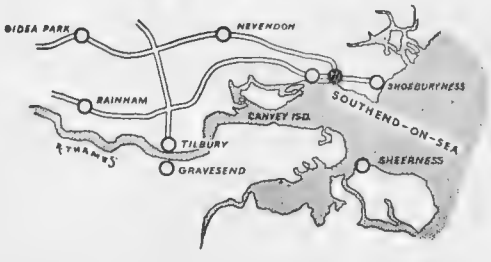


SOUTHEND-ON-SEA

but

WEEK-END ON

SHELL



YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

A 'TIP' FOR TEA

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Safe Drivers Who Annoy

By The Earl of Cardigan

THERE was an amusing paragraph in the papers recently concerning a motorist who was fined for exceeding the 30-m.p.h. limit. He admitted the crime, but pleaded extenuating circumstances. Apparently there had been a woman driver just in front of him, and it was his invariable practice at all costs to overtake a woman at the first possible moment. He felt himself to be endangered if he was forced to follow her!

Of course, it is easy to say that this driver was a crank, having a complex about women and their capacity to handle motor-cars. On the other hand, many cranks have in their ideas a substratum of reason—and I think that there was something more than mere fanaticism in this motorist's insinuations.

It was pointed out—by the magistrate, if my memory serves—that women as a whole have better safety records than men. Insurance companies have proved it. On the other hand, I believe that there really does exist, among experienced road-users, a fairly widespread disinclination to drive for any distance behind the conventional woman motorist.

Why is this? As we have seen, it is no good pretending that women drive dangerously. The worst that one can truthfully say of them is that, according to certain male standards, many of them tend to drive *annoyingly*. Just that and nothing more.

NOW why—to carry our enquiry a stage further—does the feminine style of driving have this tendency to annoy? My own view is that women are apt to cultivate too much conscientiousness, and too little imagination.

A simple illustration will convey what I mean. Let us imagine a driver (A) wishing to pull in to the kerb on the right-hand side of the road. There is another driver (B) approaching from the opposite direction.

We at once have the problem—shall A pull across in front of B, or shall A pause in the centre of the road until B has gone past? There is no "correct" answer. It is a matter of common sense, depending largely upon the speed at which B is approaching.

Now if A and B are women, this is what will happen. There will be a great deal of elaborate signalling. Both will be greatly concerned to do the right thing. Neither will be anxious to commit herself. Both will slow almost to a standstill, thereby delaying the traffic behind them.

If A and B, on the other hand, are men, the course of events will probably be as follows. A will give the simplest possible form of signal, at the same time trying to "catch the eye" of B. The latter will at once take in the situation, and will convey, by a nod of his head and a slight twist of his wheel, that A is to "carry on." The two cars will smoothly pursue their intended courses, and no one will be delayed by it.

If anyone does not comprehend this business of "catching the other fellow's eye," let him watch two taxi-men manœuvring in a narrow London street. This is a real object-lesson both in economy of gesture and in completeness of understanding. One is compelled to doubt if it could ever be accomplished by two members of the fair sex.

LET me hasten to say that, in all this, I am not trying to attack women drivers as a class. I am simply trying to interpret what is in the mind of a man when he says that he does not like driving his car behind that of a woman.

There are some men, of course, who are equally annoying to follow. Excessive and unintelligent signalling is again probably the chief cause. A continuously-flapping hand from the car in front can be really very aggravating.

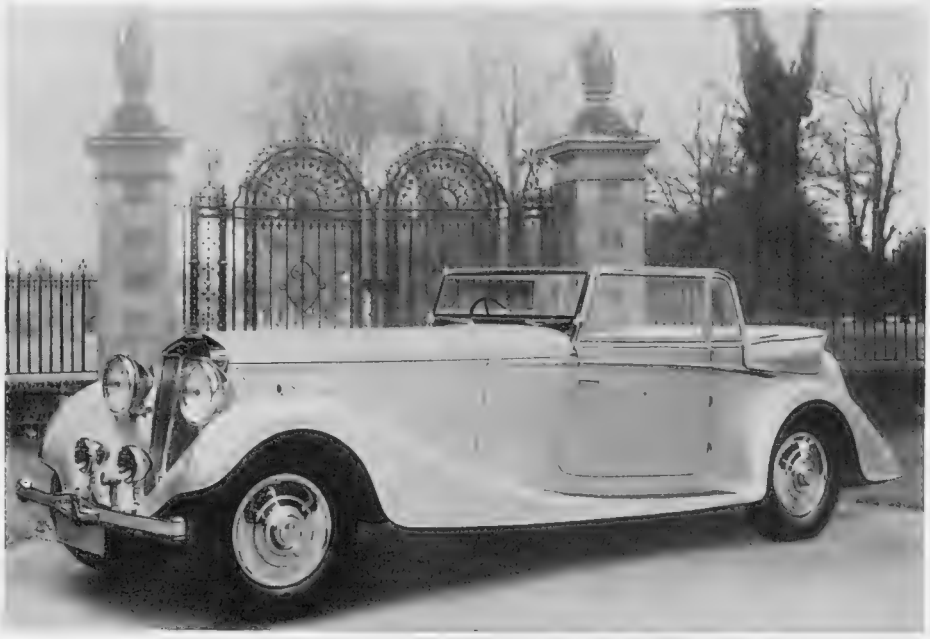
One does not even feel very grateful for being ceremoniously waved on when at last one is able to overtake. The giver of this signal, with only one hand on the wheel, is quite apt to wobble just as one draws abreast. I personally much prefer the man who, when I sound my horn, makes a slight but perceptible turn of his wheel towards the near-side of the road. That tells me all I want to know—*i.e.*, that he is duly apprised of my existence.

In a word, the golden rule for the driver in front is to give only a few signals—the essential signals at the essential moments. A human semaphore on wheels is not agreeable to follow.

A Handbook Worth Having

I AM interested to see that W. G. McMinnies has produced a second and enlarged edition of a little volume which was very widely praised on its publication by Simpkin Marshall, Ltd., a year ago. He calls it *Signpost*, and it is a most helpful guide to any motorist who is going into strange territory and wants to know "what would be a pleasant place to put up at." The book covers every sort of hostelry, from the palatial country club to the modest inn. Only those places are included, however, which, in their own category, satisfy the author's very discriminating taste. I myself suggested several additions to him; but he rejected two of these on the grounds that they were merely picturesque without being comfortable.

Signpost is ably written in an attractive style, and its judgments may safely be accepted. It does not set out to "boost" any hotel or club which looks sufficiently imposing; but rather to sort out and recommend those few places which, judged by the standards of the ordinary man or woman, are genuinely deserving of a visit.



A Lanchester "Straight Eight" built to the order of the Jam Sahib of Jamnagar—the eighteenth car he has had from Daimler-Lanchester Motors

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Fox recently took delivery of their 25 h.p. Rolls-Royce Sedanca de Ville; it was supplied through Jack Barclay, Ltd.

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Getting Married:

The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Kay Vaughan

Hermione Tillard

Is the youngest daughter of the late Captain A. G. Tillard and Mrs. Tillard, of Maltmas Green, Denham, Bucks.; she is engaged to Richard William R. Wilson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wilson, of Rudge Hall, Pattingham, Staffs.

Yvonne Gregory

Elizabeth Esmé Steel

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Steel, of Kirkwood, Lockerbie, Dumfriesshire; she is engaged to John Neil Howie, only son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Howie, of Stairaird, Mauchline, Ayrshire

Kay Vaughan

Pauline Mary Villiers

Announces her engagement to Dennis Dunnill, younger son of the late A. H. Dunnill, and Mrs. Dunnill, of Elmstead Road, Bexhill-on-Sea; she is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. Paul Villiers, of 170, Rivermead Court, Hurlingham, S.W.6

Yevonde

Prue Goddard

Is the youngest daughter of the Hon. Mr. Justice and the late Mrs. Rayner Goddard, of 72, Oakwood Court, W.14; she is engaged to Archibald Sands Clayton, only son of Mr. and Mrs. John Hunt Clayton, of Holmwood, Sunningdale

Navana

Agnes Mary Wilson

Is engaged to Michael Maulger Yorke, youngest son of the late John Cecil Yorke, and Mrs. Yorke, of Vicarage Court, Church Street, W.8; she is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Allen Wilson, of Sharrow Knoll, Sheffield

Kay Vaughan

Brenda Groves

Is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Groves, of Herne Bay, Kent; she has announced her engagement to Stuart Thomson Macdonald, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Macdonald, of Durrour, Thortonhall, Lanarkshire

Fayer of Vienna

Lois James

Is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. James, of The Beacon, Woking; she is engaged to Mr. C. H. A. Olivier, elder son of the late Captain Robert Olivier, D.C.L.I., and Mrs. C. Dewé, of Allen House, Hook Heath, Woking

Lenare

Sybil Lorna Dennis

Announces her engagement to Keith Forbes Foster, the Seaforth Highlanders, second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Foster, of Kilrenny, Bideford, Devon; she is the elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. Sydney Dennis, of Down Ampney House, Cirencester, Glos.

Bassano

Vivien Haslam

Is the younger daughter of the late Major A. H. C. Haslam, and Mrs. Haslam, of Oakfield, Weston, Bath; she is engaged to Cyril Michael Lavington, eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. Lavington, of Pembroke Lodge, Clifton, Bristol

Kay Vaughan

Pamela Jackson

Is engaged to Derek Robert Robertson Dick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Norman A. Dick, of The Pines, Lymington, Lanarkshire; she is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. R. Jackson, of 21, St. John's Wood Park, N.W.8

Elwin Neame

Yvonne Cox

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Cox, of Melbourne, Australia, and 46, Iverna Gardens, Kensington; she is engaged to Kenneth Darvill Miall, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Miall, of Rusthall Place, Tunbridge Wells

Fayer of Vienna

Doreen Forrester

Is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. Forrester, of Kerminchan Lodge, Holms Chapel, Cheshire, and is engaged to Dr. H. H. F. Barns, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Barns, of 15, Clifton Rd., W.9

Peter North

Kathleen Mary Garraway

Is engaged to John Laurence Commerell Stubbs, Indian Civil Service; she is the younger daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. Sir Edward Garraway, K.C.M.G., and Lady Garraway, of Rockshire, Waterford, Ireland

Fayer of Vienna

Una Fenwick

Is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Fenwick, of North Luffenham Hall, Rutland; she is engaged to Lionel Butler-Henderson, eldest son of the Hon. Eric and the Hon. Mrs. Butler-Henderson, of Winwick Manor, Andover

Pearl Freeman

Elizabeth Matthews

Is the elder daughter of Sir Ronald and Lady Matthews, of Aston Hall, Sheffield; she has announced her engagement to Victor Ellison, younger son of Mr. Frank Ellison, of Willington Hall, Derby, and Mrs. Ellison, of Tatsfield, Surrey

Clark — Fisher

Thomas Williams Clark, son of Mr. and Mrs. Percy H. Clark, of Cynwyd, Penna, U.S.A., and the Hon. Anna Fisher, eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Fisher, of Kilverstone, were married at St. Andrew's, Kilverstone

Trench — Allen

Christopher J. Chenevix Trench, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Chenevix Trench, of The Manor House, Aller, Somerset, and Mary Elizabeth Allen, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Allen, of Windy Ridge, Downside, Belmont, Surrey, were married at Belmont Church

Jarvis — Greenwood

Cyril Eustace Jarvis, eldest son of the Very Rev. A. C. E. Jarvis, Provost of Sheffield, and Mrs. Jarvis, of the Cathedral Vicarage, Sheffield, and Barbara Elizabeth Greenwood, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. C. H. Greenwood, of 7, Park Street, Ripon, Yorks., were married at Ripon Cathedral

Gouldsmith — Acton

At Benson-on-Thames Barry Gouldsmith, eldest son of Major and Mrs. Gouldsmith, of Beechgrove, Cirencester, married Elizabeth Mary Acton, youngest daughter of the Rev. and Mrs. A. F. Acton, of Dereham, Norfolk

Harvard-Watts — Hayman

John Harvard-Watts, younger son of the Rev. S. H. and Mrs. Harvard-Watts, of Blickling, Norfolk, and Elizabeth Hayman, elder daughter of the late Captain A. G. Hayman, and Mrs. Hayman, of Red Hatch, Yateley, Hants., were married at Yateley Church

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

August 19—August 25

First Night and Matinée dates are correct at time of going to press, but readers are advised to check them with their dailies

THEATRES

Comedy and Tragedy

AFTER OCTOBER.—Lively entertainment from polished acting of a polished plot (by Rodney Ackland). An impecunious family and its Micawber-like hopes have Mary Clare and Peter Godfrey to interpret: Aldwych, 8.30. Tues., Wed., 2.30.

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE.—A thriller of the best type, alive to its last kick; Ralph Richardson, as the amazing doctor, gets tangled into an amusing bunch of crooks in pursuit of psychological data: Haymarket, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE ANTE ROOM.—Diana Wynyard's new piece is about an Irish family of the '80's; she is backed by a strong cast; décor by Motley; produced by Guthrie McClintic: Queen's, 8.30.

ANTHONY AND ANNA.—St. John Ervine's play (produced by Irene Hentschel) continues to offer some of the best light comedy in town—Harold Warrender and Lucille Lisle, well supported by Morris Harvey and Fabia Drake: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Margaretta Scott as Rosalind, Gyles Isham as Orlando, Baliol Holloway as Jacques, and Leslie French as Touchstone; also Jane Cain: Open Air Theatre, 8.30. Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE LADY OF LA PAZ.—Lilian Braithwaite dominates the stage as her rôle dominates the play—full-blooded acting of a hearty part, with Nova Pilbeam as one of her troublesome offspring: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

LADY PRECIOUS STREAM.—Imperturbable as its traditional national origin, this Chinese play goes on and on, with Esmé Percy, Marjorie Mars and Viola Tree acting à la chinois: Savoy, 8.15. Mon., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

MISS SMITH.—Simple, lively story telling about a governess-girl who takes a family in charge; Olga Lindo interprets her sympathetically; also Phyllis Konstam and Julien Mitchell: Duke of York's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.40.

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE.—Jane Austen and her England successfully transposed to the stage in a charming entertainment with period settings by Whistler. Celia Johnson as Elizabeth Bennett, Dorothy Hyson as Jane, Leueen Macgrath as Lydia: St. James's, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE SEAGULL.—A feast of dramatic riches which must not be missed; Chekhov is the author, Komisarjevsky the producer, Peggy Ashcroft, Edith Evans, Stephen Haggard, and Ion Swinley the stars: New, 8.30. Wed., Fri., 2.30.

WHITEOAKS.—This fine play by Mazo de la Roche is about a family dominated by its grandmatriarch (Nancy Price); full of humanity: Playhouse, 8.30 (not Mons.). Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

WINTER SUNSHINE.—Athene Seyler and Nicholas Hannen, on board a boat bound for the Antipodes, unravel a light plot relying solely on characterisation, which is good; easy and pleasant to watch: Royalty, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Singing and Dancing

BLACKBIRDS OF 1936.—Noise, rhythm, colour, speed and more than a pinch of wit combine to make this show, as usual, breath-taking in the extreme; if you like these things, you'll love it: Gaiety, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

LILAC TIME.—The old Schubert favourite has Helen Gilliland, George Graves, Charles Mayhew, and Victoria Hopper in the cast: Coliseum, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

NO! NO! NANETTE.—This old favourite has Clifford Mollison, Phyllis Monkman and Barbara Vernon to sweeten it with the old songs, and Shaun Glenville to salt it with humour: Hippodrome, 6.25 and 9.

REVUDEVILLE NO. 80.—Comedian Dick Tubb makes his first appearance on this cheery little stage; then there is a "Babes in the Wood" ballet and a "Balloons" tableau, and the Old Ladies and all the old favourites: Windmill, 1.20 to 11.30, non-stop.

SPREAD IT ABROAD.—Herbert Farjeon's is the wittiest revue in town; do not miss Ivy St. Helier, Nelson Keys, Madge Elliott, and Cyril Richard in it: Saville, 8.30 only.

THE TWO BOUQUETS.—Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon's musical comedietta grinds the Victorian axe again; a strong singing cast is headed by Adelaide Stanley, Bruce Carfax, and Frederick Ranalow: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 8.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AREN'T MEN BEASTS!—Straightforward comedy with honest-to-goodness laughs reliant on situation rather than wit; Robertson Hare is a dentist; Alfred Drayton and John Mills back him in fun-making: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CALL IT A DAY.—Dodie Smith's entertaining play is the longest unbroken runner in town—and deserves it—with clever acting by Owen Nares and Irene Browne in a St. John's Wood family-life comedy: Globe, 8.15. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

CHINESE WHITE.—Melodramatic story about bandits, missionaries and a lovely Eurasian in China; Edmund Willard is a villain, Arthur Hardy acts and produces: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

DUSTY ERMINE.—Leonora Corbett acts charmingly as the daughter of a family gone to seed, whose other members include David Horne and William Fox; plenty of drama and humour: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE FROG.—Robust thrills by Edgar Wallace and Ian Hay, in which Gordon Harker is a detective up against a terror that detonates various scenes; Jack Hawkins and a big cast emphasise the suspenses and reliefs: Prince's, 8.10. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE FUGITIVES.—A typical Hackett play; rapid, improbable and convincing, it sweeps Marion Lorne, Godfrey Tearle and Phyllis Dare through personal adventure and national revolution: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

HEROES DON'T CARE.—Felix Aylmer is the North Pole hero; and his wife, Carol Goodner, doesn't care for him, nor does Rex Harrison care for heroism; the slight plot of these Arctic interactions is a frame for lively acting and dialogue: St. Martin's, 8.40. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

NIGHT MUST FALL.—Emlyn Williams' gruesome character play, with a new cast (Esmond Knight, Vivienne Bennett and Charles Mortimer), is at the Cambridge, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SIM-SALA-BIM.—Rapid display of a lot of old favourites in conjuring and some new ones, by Danté the magician: Alhambra, 8.15 and 2.30.

SPRING TIDE.—Overwhelmingly optimistic, this piece showers good fortune round the stage, upon landlady Louise Hampton and her brood of lodgers; go to be cheered up: Duchess, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

STORM IN A TEACUP.—Meatiest light comedy in town, by James Bridie and Bruno Franck; Roger Livesey and Sara Allgood are best of an amusing cast: Garrick, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THREE MEN ON A HORSE.—A great laugh from the U.S. in the shape of an old plot cleverly re-done; Romney Brent and Bernard Nedell lead the all-American cast: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.—Announced for Monday, 24th: Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park.

CINEMAS

ESCAPE ME NEVER (British).—Revival of the Elisabeth Bergner interpretation of Margaret Kennedy's novel: Academy (till Sunday).

EVERYTHING IS THUNDER (British).—Constance Bennett's film has a strong, healthy plot of an escaping war prisoner in Germany (Douglass Montgomery); Oskar Homolka on his track: New Gallery.

FORGET ME NOT (British).—"Simple and sentimental," this Zoltan Korda-directed piece stars Signor Beniamino Gigli and Joan Gardner in an easy-going and pleasant plot: Leicester Square.

THE GHOST GOES WEST (British).—Robert Donat is the star and René Clair the director of the revival; the combination is a success of satirical humour: Academy (till Sunday).

MR. DEEDS GOES TO TOWN (American).—Capra's Gary Cooper-Jean Arthur picture was a success in America with its newish story and slick acting: Regal (from Friday).

MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY (American).—Charles Laughton's historic success of the high seas is in the West End again: Marble Arch Pavilion.

THE RETURN OF SOPHIE LANG (American).—Gertrude Michael and Ray Millaud in a diamond-thief story with a quaint new turn to it: Plaza.

RHYTHM ON THE RANGE (American).—Bing Crosby, father of crooners, is the dramatic and musical pivot of this rural romance, with Francis Farmer: Carlton.

SONS OF GUNS (American).—A Joe E. Brown comedy set in the war, with Joan Blondell: London Pavilion.

SUZY (American).—Jean Harlow, who has a catchy song to sing, gets caught in a complicated plot between London and Paris with Cary Grant and Franchot Tone to make a triangle: Empire.

UNDER TWO FLAGS (American).—The film maintains the style of the original Ouida novel, with fine desert shots and a strong cast—Claudette Colbert, Rosalind Russell, Ronald Colman, and Victor McLaglen: Tivoli.

WHOM THE GODS LOVE (British).—A lightly turned interpretation of Mozart's life, with Stephen Haggard as the composer, Victoria Hopper as Constanz, and the L.P.O. under Beecham to play for her songs: Curzon.

Première

DE KRIBBEBIJTER (Dutch).—Means the cross-patch, and is the taming of a masculine shrew. Louis Borel (well-known here), Cor Ruys, and Louis de Bree are the stars: Academy, Mon. 24th.

BALLET

DE BASIL'S BALLETS RUSSES.—The repertoire is enormous, the L.P.O. (conducted by Kurtz and Dorati) plays; the company includes Danilova, Baronova, Toumanova, Riabouchinska, Massine and Lichine: Covent Garden, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MUSIC

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducts the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

TO-NIGHT, 19TH: Bach-Handel Concert; the second Brandenburg concerto (flute, oboe, trumpet, violin and strings); Concerto Grosso No. 26 in D.

THURS., 20TH: Debussy-Ravel Concert; the Mother Goose Suite, Rapsodie Espagnole, and l'Après-Midi d'un Faune.

FRI., 21ST: Beethoven Concert; third Leonora Overture, seventh symphony in A, romances for violin and orchestra; Jo Vincent and the Grinke Trio.

SAT., 22ND: Mixed concert; Mendelssohn's Fingal's Cave overture, Schumann's piano concerto in A minor (Solomon), Handel's water music; Ina Souez and John Brownlee.

MON., 24TH: Wagner Concert; Tannhäuser overture, Good Friday music from Parsifal, Lohengrin's farewell; May Blyth, Mabry Dawes and Walter Widdop.

TUES., 25TH: Berlioz-Liszt Concert; Benvenuto Cellini overture, Liszt's piano-concerto in E flat (Lamond), Berlioz's Symphonie Fantastique.

SHOW

ANNUAL MUSICAL AND FLORAL FÊTE: Shrewsbury, to-day and Thurs., 19th and 20th.

(*Continued on page* iii)

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The Editor's Box

Mr. Quo Tai Chi at Nauheim

Mr. Quo Tai Chi, the Chinese Ambassador in London, and Chinese envoy to the League of Nations, is one of many people now taking the cure at Bad Nauheim—the fashionable Kurort not so far north of Frankfurt-on-the-Main

The West of England Championship

The West of England amateur championship is held each year at the Burnham and Berrow Golf Club (*see* p. 334). The secretary is now taking entries for this championship, which is held on September 9th-12th, and they should reach him (with entrance fee of a guinea) not later than September 7th, at 3 p.m.

Also, on September 8th, there is a stroke competition, in which prizes to the value of £5 will be given for best nett and gross scores. Entrance fee is five shillings.

The Burnham and Berrow Club is more than forty-five years old, and its position (near Burnham-on-Sea) amongst large sand-hills is a particularly striking one. The Secretary is Lieut.-Colonel W. F. R. Kyngdon, D.S.O.

The Deauville Polo Season Is Open

Polo has taken its hold on Deauville, "la plage fleurie"; an interesting season has been planned at the resort and is already in progress.

Brig.-General J. H. S. Marchant, the competent director of the Horse Institute of London and ex-manager of the Hurlingham Club, has just arrived to act as polo manager. The two polo grounds are in very good condition.

Lord Cowdray, captain of his own team, Cowdray Park, is playing with Mr. Morrison-Bell, Colonel J. Robinson and the French veteran, A. Fouquet-Lemaître. Rajkumar Prithi Singh, the young Indian who is considered an ace in international polo, is competing with Jacques Gonet, Captain Brau, Raymond Leroy, the famous Henri Couturié, Baron Schroeders (Chili), and M. J. Bagge (Denmark).

The match for the cup offered by the Countesse de Madre was played on August 15th. The Capel Cup, offered by Lady Michelham, and the International Cup, offered by the Comte de Ganay, will be given during Grand Prix week at Deauville, and during the first two weeks of August there were matches for the Gramont Cup.

This news will be particularly welcome to polo enthusiasts now that the Olley Air Service has made a sixty-minute connection between Deauville and Croydon.

Clock Matches Fireplace

The clock in the picture, composed of small, hand-made antique bricklets, has been christened "The Briclock" by its makers. The artistic fireplace, with which the clock harmonises so well, is from the same pottery —Elliotts West Howe Pottery in Dorset

The "Bystander"

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP (18th Year)

HOLDER: MISS PEGGY FALKNER

Scratch Match-Play Knock-out Tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th and 11th. No Qualifying Round.

September 7th—International Match, Scotland v. England.

September 8th—Girls' Golfing Society's Meeting (Medal Play).

The *Girls' Open Championship* is open to all girls, of any nationality, who will be under nineteen years of age on September 11th, 1936.

Entries will be received up to sixty-four. Any over this number will be placed on a waiting list, from which vacancies caused by withdrawals will be filled up to the time play starts.

Entries close on Friday, August 21st, and must be made on the entrance form which appears below.

Competitors will be drawn to play in a scratch knock-out match-play tournament at Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th, and 11th. Halved matches to be played to a finish.

Challenge Cup and replica to the winner; prizes to the runner-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

Entrance forms and all communications to be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The BYSTANDER Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.

The proprietors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to alter and amend any of these conditions, and the decision of the Golf Editor is final.

The Craig Challenge Cup, scratch bogey, will be played for on September 10th by players beaten in the first, second, and third rounds of the Championship.

Stoke Court Challenge Cup.—For the player staying at Stoke Court, or who has applied for a room there and been refused, who remains in the Championship for the greatest number of rounds. A tie between two players to be decided by playing the best of three holes match play; a tie between more than two as announced.

Competitors not playing in the match Scotland v. England may practise free of charge on Monday, September 7th, and all mothers or chaperons at a reduced green-fee of 3s. 6d.

SCOTLAND v. ENGLAND

HOLDERS: SCOTLAND

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 7TH, AT 2 O'CLOCK.

An eighteen-hole match will be played at Stoke Poges between teams chosen from competitors in the Girls' Championship, 1936, representing Scotland and England. Qualifications: either parent, birth, or last two years' residence.

Challenge Cup, presented by Captain J. R. A. Stroyan, to be held for a year by the captain of the winning team, a silver medal to each member of that team, and bronze medals to the losing team. Competitors to state on their entry forms which country they are qualified to represent, and whether they would like to play if chosen.

WHERE TO STAY

Special Terms are offered to competitors and their friends at the following addresses

STOKE COURT, STOKE POGES, SLOUGH, BUCKS. Terms: 16s. 6d. per day.

FARNHAM COMMON PRIVATE HOTEL. Terms: 10s. 6d. inclusive per day.

"COLLINSWOOD," FARNHAM COMMON. Terms: 13s. 6d. to £1 1s. per day.

Competitors should apply *early* to The Manager at any of these.

ENTRANCE FORM — No Entrance Fee

The "Bystander" Girls' Open Championship,

18th Year,

Stoke Poges, September 9th, 10th, and 11th, 1936

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, The BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, not later than Friday, August 21st.

Please enter

Miss.....

Home Address.....

.....

Telephone No.....

Date and year of birth..... *Club (if any)*.....

Handicap (if any).....

I am qualified for { *Scotland, / *England,

*and should like / *but should not like } to play if chosen.

* Cross out whichever does not apply.

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in every issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

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